Musarum Cantabrigiensium

THRENODIA
IN
OBITUM

Incomparabilis Herois ac Ducis
Illustrissimi

GEORGII

DUCIS ALBÆMARLÆ,

Regiarum Copiarum
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Regis, & Regnorum Magnæ Britanniæ
Felicissimi Restauratoris.

CANTABRIGIÆ,
Ex Officina *Joann. Hayes*, celeberrimæ Academiæ
Typographi. 1670.

THRENODIA

IN

OBITUM

GEORGII

TRINITY COLLEGE
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C

Ad Sereniſsimum Regem
CAROLUM II.

DA veniam, Cæſar, partem decerpere luctûs
Si *Grantana* audet conſcia Muſa tui:
Parce, precor, noſtro indulge &, Rex Magne, dolori;
Fas lacrymas lacrymis ſit ſociare Tuis.
Nempe Pater Patriæ voluit quem dicere Patrem,
Quidni hunc amissum Patria ploret Avum?
Præcipuè at mœrens Academia, ſciſſa capillos,
Patroni exequias poſtulat ire ſui.
Et meritò pompâ funebri, & in agmine primo
Lugentûm, *Mater* vendicat *Alma* locum:
Quæ nempe invicti Virtute & munere GEORGI
Et cum Rege redux, & rediviva fuit.

Jacobus Duport,
Acad. Procan.

In Obitum Illuſtriſsimi Ducis GEORGII *Ducis* ALBÆMARLÆ
EPICEDIUM.

AT quæ Melpomene tantam deflere ruinam
Sufficit? aut dignis plectra ciere modis?
Impar tam grandi eſt Elegëia noſtra Sepulcro;
Et ſtupet, & neſcit publica damna loqui.

Regi-

Regibus hic labor est, & solo Principe dignus,
Exequias tanti concelebrare Ducis.
Vestra, ô Sceptrigeri, toto quot vivitis orbe,
Res agitur; (tangunt talia Fata Deos)
Nos, animæ viles, temeramus carmine manes;
Funera plebeius non capit ista dolor.
Polluere hanc lacrymis scelus est vulgaribus Urnam;
Compescat luctus turba profana suos.
Vos, Vos Regali lacrymas huc fundite venâ,
Vester enim Vindex occidit, atque Pugil.
Hic Reges docuit sine cæde domare rebelles,
Securos solii jussit & esse sui.
Cedite Romani Ductores, *cedite Graii:*
Unum pro cunctis fama loquatur iter.
Quid mihi *Alexandros* tu *Gracia*, *Persia Cyros*,
Quídve Duces memoras, Martia *Roma*, tuos?
Cæsaris innumeros hæc una tropæa triumphos
Exsuperant, *solus* quæ statuit *Monachus*;
Cùm *Trinobantiacum* cupiens invisere *Paulum*,
A *Scoto Andrea* nobile cepit iter;
Et longum emensus brumali sidere campum,
Omne *bonum* nobis *ex Aquilone* tulit:
Cùm Democratici liventia colla *Draconis*
GEORGIUS Arctoo rupit ab orbe redux.
Debuit at *Monachus* sic restaurare *Monarcham*,
Et [a] *Plantâ genitus* sic reparare *Rosas*.
Ergò agite, ô Reges, Epicedia scribite Sceptris:
Quid stylus hîc? humilis quídve Camœna potest?

[a] *Fama est Illustrissimum Ducem Regiâ Plantagenetarum stirpe oriundum.*

Aliud.

QUin salve, æternúmque vale, *ter Maxime* GEORGI:
Jam satis est; quid agis, Pieri? siste gradum.

Quicquam

THRENODIA.

Quicquam te his titulis ſuperaddere poſſe canendo,
Aut æquare modis Nomina tanta putas?
Quid fruſtra ſacros obtundis carmine Manes?
Sollicitáſque rudi murmure buſta Ducis?
Incaſſùm triſtes elegos, epicedia, leſſus,
Spargimus in cineres, Magne *Gradive*, Tuos.
Te memorans, non metra, tonitrua fundere debet,
Nec niſi Pyrrhichio currere Muſa pede.
Quid ſiticen lugubre melos? quid tibia cantus?
Funereóſve parat præfica Muſa modos?
Stridentes quid enim calami? quid carmina poſſunt?
Cum fidibus tremulæ aut plectra minuta lyræ?
Buccina rauca, tubæ clangentes, tympana, ſiſtra,
Hæc ſunt exequiis muſica digna Tuis.
Arma horrenda ſonent, diſploſáque fulmina belli,
Quaſſentur frameæ, teláque miſſa ruant.
Tum feriant oculos paſſim volitantia ſigna,
Et labara: hîc *Mars* eſt *Anglus*; *Apollo* tace.
Tu tamen, *Angligenis* fauſtum & venerabile Nomen,
Sancte, precor, GEORGI, Dux Macarita, fave:
Obturbet tantos ſi nænia noſtra triumphos,
Et ſtrepat hæc veſtras inter avena tubas.
Nos chorus Aonidum magnis virtutibus impar,
Et tamen in lacrymas turba profuſa ſumus.
Mittimus inferias tumulo, & libamus honores,
Fundimus & ſacro carmen inane rogo.
Sed quia nos tanto ferimus nil funere dignum,
Supplebunt reliquum ſêcla futura decus.
Nam tua vel ſeri celebrabunt facta nepotes,
Hoc tibi Poſteritas Elogiúmque dabit;
Per Te, merſa diu, caput extulit *Anglia*, rurſus
Inſula præſidio facta *beata* Tuo:

Per

Per Te Rex iterum CAROLUS, veréque *Secundus*,
Prosperáque imperia & Sceptra *secunda* tulit.
Sic Tua venturi recinent miracula Vates;
Vix ut quis, quæ nos vidimus, acta putet.
Sic nostrum Heroa æternùm mirabitur orbis,
Et *Monachi* laudes fama loquetur anus,
Tótque Tibi in cippo Tituli, quot Nomina Regum;
Quótque Throni, tot erunt & Monumenta Tibi.
Ecce! parentatum est: Funebria, Maxime GEORGI,
Hæc tua sunt, hæc &, quà patet orbis, erunt.
At quicquid præsens, vel postera fecerit ætas,
Semper erunt meritis Justa minora tuis.

In Eundem,

Quòd maluit in CATHEDRA, *quàm in Lecto mori.*

NOluit in molli moriens requiescere lecto
Dux cubitum in castris sternere suetus humi.

Qui Regem erexit, Solióque locavit avito,
In Cathedra erectus debuit ille mori.

Dum sedet in *Cathedra* armorum Martísque *Professor*,
Temnere nos mortis tela cruenta *docet*.

Epitaphium Illustrissimi GEORGII *Ducis* ALBÆMARLÆ.

REgum Patronus, Sospitator Principum,
Jamjam labantis Restitutor seculi,

Columna

Columna Relligionis, & Monarchiæ,
Eccleſiæ ſimul Reíque publicæ
Redintegrator, Imperi Britannici
Ruentis *Atlas*, Orbis hujus deſtina,
Marcellus idem & Angliæ *Fabius* ſuæ,
Columen bonorum, Patriæ ſpes & ſalus,
Oligarchiæ clades, flagellum Schiſmatis,
Terror Rebellium, gregíſque perfidi
Fanaticorum malleus, Vindex doli,
Sceleríſque maſtix, ficta quod pietas tegit,
Sufflamen ingens impetûs Alaſtorum,
Inſanienti doctus helleborum dare
Plebi, & tremendum pellere è Regno Chaos,
Monſtrorum & Hydræ Domitor Anglus *Hercules*,
Popularis Hydræ, multiformis Belluæ,
Capitum reſector uſque pullulantium,
Paucis, Viator, ut complectar omnia,
Currûs Boôtes *Caroli* GEORGIUS,
Solis propinqui Prodromus, [a] Sudum enitens *Job. 37. 21.*
Aquilone, Regni Phoſphorus, reddens diem,
Stator Britannus, Magnus *Albamarlius*,
Pietas, Fidéſque, Candor, & Prudentia,
Et Fortitudo, pariter hoc tumulo jacent.

Aliud.

HEctoris hic tumulus, *cum quo* Nova *Troja ſepulta*,
Albion hoc *albo marmore* tecta jacet.
Nempe *atram* & luteam *priùs*, *Albamarlius* Heros
Albionémque albam marmoreámque dedit.

Jaco. Duport, Coll. Magdal.
Præfect. Dec. *Petriburg.*
Acad. Procan.

In Obitum Excellentissimi, nec non Numeris omnibus Absolutissimi Ducis, Ducis ALBÆMARLENSIS *Carmen Funebre.*

CUr, quia dignus eras, quem nos superesse precemur,
Fingimus immites in Tua fata Deos?
Nec quia dignus eras, qui Diis petereris ab ipsis,
Credimus indignos Te magis esse viros?
O nos indigni, qui Te deflemus ademptum!
Optamúsque Tibi non potuisse mori.
Felices Animæ quæ Te petiêre, dederunt
Hanc Tibi Dii mentem sic voluisse mori.
Nec mirum est, si Te totum non cernimus ævum;
Nullus in his potuit Juppiter esse locis.
Si non mortalis, certè Deus Ipse fuisses,
Non es mortalis, nunc eris ergo Deus.
Tu Divis permixtus abis; Pars optima Cœlos,
Æthereásque domos occupat illa Tui,
Non morbis, nec morti obnoxia; Pessima pars est,
Quæ manet, in mœstos nunc abitura rogos.
Et licèt Hectoreâ requiescat Corpus in Urnâ:
Hîc meliore tamen parte superstes eris.
Cúmque satis nullus decoret Tua funera fletus,
(Nec nimis esse potest, quod satis esse nequit)
O Came! O Thamesis! factæque in utrisque Camœnæ
Lugete, & mœstos ingeminate sonos;
Et quantùm liceat, verbis depingite Mortis
Sævitiam; Non est, sic doluisse, nimis.

Nec

Nec satis est optâsse mori, Dux Inclyte, Tecum:
Pro Te, pro patriâ, sed voluisse mori.

Jaco. Fletewood, S. T. P.
& *Coll. Regalis* Præpos.

P. M.

Glorioſiſsimi Ducis.

Ille est, *Hic Ille*, Fama quem tremit loqui,
Nè vera fando stigma Mendacis ferat.
Hic Ille, fortunæ haud magìs suæ faber,
Quàm Principis, Reíque nostræ publicæ,
Ecclesiæque, & Omnium quorum interest
Florere Pacem, Numen & summum coli:
Et Nestor idem Mentis ingenti penu,
Idémque Achilles gloriâ invictæ Manûs,
Virtutis unus Dux & *Albæmarliæ*.
Astræa nostris pulsa cùm terris caput
Conderet Olympo; cùm Nefas Britanniæ
Hiberniæque, more torrentis, plagas
Latè occuparet; solus hic tristi stetit
Heros arenâ, solus auxilium parat,
Ipse Imperator sibimet atque Exercitus.
Illum haud *Draconis tortuosi* fraudibus
Intexta rabies, prosperum aut fregit scelus:
Illi Hydra, Monstrum multiceps, atrox, ferum,
Ingratiis cessit; stupens se subditam

Idque ante pugnam. Sic serenato Angliæ
Cœlo, & paratâ CAROLO, ut decuit, viâ,
Patriæ reposuit pristinam Pacem, & Decus;
Omníque longè major invidiâ senex
Potuit salute publicâ Ipse perfrui.
Post tanta Gesta, nempe restabat Mori;
Fidémque facere, splendidum Authorem tamen
Hominem fuisse, nec oriundum cœlitús.

J. Beaumont, Coll. S. Petri
Præfectus.

ACcipias placidè, si deponantur ad urnam
Insoliti cineres, *Elisabetha*, tuam.
Non hæc effrænes intrudunt busta rebelles,
Præmia qui sceleris sancta sepulcra petunt.
Hunc augusta Ducem propter monumenta recondit,
Annumerátque atavis CAROLUS Ipse suis.
Debuit haud alio, vel summo judice regum,
Qui tria restituit regna, jacere loco.

Jo. Pearson, Coll. S.S. Trin. Mag.
& D. Margaritæ Professor.

In Religionem avitam, sub auspiciis optimi REGIS,
& ductu inclyti DUCIS *à Fanaticorum*
rabie vindicatam.

AT ô *Iambi!* queîs nimis pigri pedes,
Et gressus impar premere Magnatum vias,

Adeste

Adeſte vindice manu; ut inſequamini
Fanaticorum diſſipatas Copias,
Domitúmque vulgus, & capita fera *Belluæ.*
Noſtros Triumphos non poteſtis aſſequi,
Celeréſve curſu æquare Gloriæ rotas:
Sed ſpicula veneno, & *Lycambis* ſanguine
Tingere poteſtis, & in triumphatam *Hæreſin*
(Ut *Nemeſis* à tergo) poteſtis mittere.
Aperuit *Angelus* infimam *Stygii* lacûs *Apocal. c. 9.*
Abyſſum, & indè *Fumus* exiit niger,
Diem tenebris obruens; éque puteo
Ortæ *Locuſtæ* tectum operuerunt ſolum,
(*Locuſtæ* ab *Erebo*, malum *Erebo* ipſo tetrius:)
Quæ *Scorpii* caudas aculeatas habent:
His vulnerant, maló ſque malè mordent viros,
Et tabe dirâ, macrâ & invidiâ linunt.
Hinc fæda vitiorum lues, error vagus,
Terríſque naſcitur omne *Schiſmatum* genus.
Tandem nec *aris* parcitur, nedum *focis:*
Myſtas, & *Ædes* diripit *ſacras* ſimul,
Thecáſque, *Cœlitéſque* ſacrilega manus.
Opacat oculos hoc genus tabi, obruit
Mentémque nebulis, nè Bonum à Malo queat
Diſcretum habere: Hinc *proſperum & felix ſcelus*
Virtus vocatur, turbida & factio *Fides*,
Rapina *pia fraus*, invidia *zelus* cluit,
Proterviáque fit *conſcientiæ* nota.
Sed hanc Malorum non diu *Lernam* tulit
Dux Herculanus, agítque ferro vindice,
*Orcó*que tradit filiam hanc *Orci* trucem.
Protinus in *ignes*, unde ſunt ſatæ prius,
Eunt *Locuſtæ*, & ſuda linquunt omnia,

Omnia

Omnia ſerena, ubi *fumus* iſte evanuit.
Suos *Iernus* (Hoc Duce) eliquat lacus;
Scotus tenebras diſcutit; nec ampliùs
Caliginoſa noctis umbra territat
Anglos, ſuo furore ceritos diu,
Malóque ductos *Genio*. Apage larvas tuas,
Lemuréſque, *Cathare*: Nos eum ſequimur *Ducem*,
Cui ſucus odio eſt, vera ſed probitas placet:
Diſparet *Ignis fatuus*, exorto die.
Sic, ſic, *Draconem* contudit GEORGIUS,
Illíque cum genimine contrivit caput.

At ô cruenta Fata! qui vicit *Styga*,
Stygiáſque ranas nè coaxent obtudit,
A morte, filiâ *Stygis* victus jacet;
Non perditus tamen: Exit è buſto altior,
Phœnicis inſtar, plaudit & cineres ſuos.
FELIX: TRIUMPHATOR: PATER PATRIÆ: PIUS:
ECCLESIÆ VINDEX: AVERRUNCUS DEUS:
STATOR ANGLIÆ: FANATICORUM MALLEUS:
Qui regna CAROLO reddidit, CAROLUM ſuis,
Eccleſiæ pacem, Reíque Publicæ,
Fidelitatem Militibus, animam *Deo*.

T. Stephens, S. T. P. *Coll. Jeſ.*

In Heroa Illum *nunquam ſatis deflendum*, tertio *die* Januarii *expirantem*.

LIlia *Reginámque* cohors quæ nuper *ademptam*
Flevit, nunc mœrens *Arma Ducémque* canit.

Heu!

THRENODIA.

Heu! PAR QUALE recèns (ſexu licèt *impare*) flemus!
Illa Venus nuribus, Mars erat *Ille* viris.
Quis modus ærumnis? velut unda ſupervenit undam;
Jam citò *Granta* ſuos ad nova penſa rapit.
Juſta ſed HENRETTÆ dedimus ſuprema *ſepultæ*:
Eſt ALBÆMARLO jam tribuendus honor.
Indocti doctíque ferant nunc carmina, *Cæſar*
Cùm jubet, & *Patriæ* publica vota vocant;
Dúxque ſenex meruit: Nec plenior Ille diebus,
Quàm *Meritis*. *Talem* ſic cecidiſſe queror.
En! PATRIÆ PATER ipſe decus *Patris* indidit *Illi*:
Hinc *utrique Patrum* fama perennis erit.
Nunc bene *Majeſtas* & *Amor* miſcentur in *æquo*
CÆSARE, tam *fidum* collacrymante *Caput*;
Dîs charum populóque *Caput*. Mihi vota ſuperſunt,
Tales quàm-multos jactet ut AULA Viros.

Tertia nec JANI pòſt, nec *penultima*, multo
Sit ſine ſingultu prætereunda *Dies*:
(*Utraque Lux* velanda Anglis caligine nigrâ!)
Hæc REGEM nobis abſtulit, *iſta* DUCEM.

Guilielmus Fairebrother, in Jure
Civili D. & *Coll. Regal. Soc.*

In Ducem ALBÆMARLÆ, *ſtantem morientem.*

HOc ſitus eſt Pario ſub marmore GEORGIUS Anglus,
Lector, Crede, ſub hoc marmore nemo jacet;

Qui

Qui mare, qui terras, qui ignes ſuperaverat, hîc ſtat,
Non valet Herculeum flectere Parca caput.
Haud cadit, aut oritur Sol, at cecidiſſe videtur;
Nec cecidit, per quem Spes *Carolina* ſtetit.

Fa. Jackſon, M. D. *A. Cl. Soc.*

In Imperatoris Mortem verè Imperatoriam.

ARbiter Imperii cecidit, Fatíque miniſter,
Nam ſtetit à Mortis partibus ille diu.
Aſpexit lucem ſi quando famelicus enſis,
Quos petit ad tenebras protinùs ire jubet.
Cæde ſaginatum, ſpoliis auctum, atque triumphis
Hoſtem jam dignum Mors putat eſſe ſibi.
Invadit primò tacitè creſcentibus undis,
Venter adhuc vivo creverat in tumulum.
Nunc latet in victu, facilè ſub nomine amici
Intrat, quæ vitam, dant alimenta necem.
Carneus heu! vitæ fontem tumor obſtruit; Ipſe
Vivere ubi incepit, cœpit & indè mori.
Nec tamen ignavè occubuit, cùm ſtare nequiret,
Acriter in Cathedrâ dimicat, & moritur.
Ultima lucta probat validâ cum morte, minore
Hoſte Ducem Magnum non potuiſſe mori.

Hen. Paman. M. D.
Coll. Joh. Soc.

THRENODIA.

Ἐις τελευτὴν τοῦ περιφανεστάτου Ἥρωος ΓΕΩΡΓΙΟΥ
τοῦ ΑΛΒΕΜΑΡΛ

ΘΡΗΝΩΔΙΑ.

Θεὰ πανώλης Μοῖρα, παμμήστωρ βροτῶν,
Τί δῆτ' Ἀνάγκης δυσλύτοις ἴλλεις πέδαις
Δούλους τ' Ἄνακτάς θ' ὡς τύχεν; Τί βάσκανος
Τὰ μικρὰ θεῖσ' ἐν οὐδενὸς λόγου μέρει
Λαμπρῶν στοχάζῃ, καὶ σκοποῦ οὐκ ἀστοχεῖς
Λαμπροῦ ἱεῖσα μόρσιμον πτηνὸν βέλος;
Ἥρωος οὐ σεμνόν γ' ὑποπτήσσεις θράσος
Τὰς σὰς ἀπειλὰς ἀντίον δεδορκότος.
Ὄσσοισι δεινοῖς; ὀμμάτων ἔτλης φέρειν
Γοργωπὸν αἴγλην ἀξίων τυραννίδος;
Ἀρετῶν φάλαγγας μυρίων περιστάδον,
Χαρίτων τ' ἀολλεῖς οὐ στρατοὺς ὀῤῥωδέεις;
Ἀλλ' οὐδὲ θνήσκει· οὐκ ἔην θανεῖν ὅλως
Ἥρωα τόνδε· ἀλλά μιν πάλαι ποτὲ
Ταγὸν ποθοῦσαι δηθὰ, τὸν μέγαν Ταγὸν,
Ἀπόντα δηρὸν, πρὸς πόλον κεκλήκασιν
Ἱεραὶ φάλαγγες εὔπτεροι τῶν Ἀγγέλων,
Κυδρὸν γενέσθαι τῶν ἄνω στρατῶν Ταγὸν,
Ἐν πατρίῳ δὲ καὶ θριαμβεύειν πόλῳ.
Συμεὼν τὸ Χριστοῦ μὴν πάλαι γενέθλιον
Ἑώρακ' ἦμαρ, στεῦτο δὲ κραιπνῶς θανεῖν,
Κύσας τὸ θεῖον συχνάκις βρεφύλλιον.
Ἥρως ὁμοίως οὑτοσὶ τρισόλβιος,
Βίον παρέλκων μέχρις ἂν φθάνοι ἰδὼν
Χριστοῦ γενέθλης ἡμέραν παλίντροπον
Ἐνιαυσιαίαν, τὸν βίον χαίρειν ἐᾷ
Ζωοῖς μετεῖναι πλεῖον οὐ θέλων ἔτι.

Ἀλλ'

Ἀλλ', ὦ Μέγιστε, τῆς Βρεταννίας φόως,
Ἀστὴρ ἀνάκτων πρόδρομός γ' ἀπαρκτίας,
Μέγας κομήτης ἀγγέλων τῶν κρειττόνων
Φαεινός, οἷός ποτ' πόλιν παρέδραμες
Ἕλκων ἐπ' Ἀγγλους νύκτα κ' ζόφον βαθύν;
Δεῖξαι βροτοῖσιν, ἐκ τίνων μέρους θέλεις
Στίλβειν ὀλύμπου, ἢ Σίφυος φαιδρᾶς πέλας,
Ἦτοι ἀπ' Ἄρκτου, πὲ καί που ἀλλόθεν;
Οὐ μὰν δυνήσῃ δηρὸν ἐν πόλῳ λαθεῖν,
Εὑρεῖν γὰρ ἔσαι, Καρόλῳ φιλὸν κάρη
Παλαι σε ὄντα, καὶν πόλῳ, σέον τὸ πρίν,
Στίλβοντα κἀκεῖ Στέμματος λαμπρᾶ πέλας.
Δέξαι δὲ τούσδε τοὺς αὐτοσχεδὸν ὕμνους.
Ὡς τῶ Δανάνδρος ποῆς πάφον παγᾶ πρυλεῖς,
Ὅταν τύχωσιν ὁρκάμοι κλεεσμάτων,
Στείχυσ' ὁμαρτῆ κ' κόνει μάκεδον δόρυ
Πρῖνες χαράττει ποικίλων ἴχνη τρόων.
Ὡς ἄμμι, μυσῶν μὴ φαίλαγξ, Σοὶ ποῆς πάφον
Ὁπαδέοντες, ὅπλα τὰ γεραίτερα,
Μυσῶν ζα τύχη, χαρτὸν τόδ' ἐν πέδῳ
Πρῖνοδὸν ἑλκόμεσθα, κ' οὐκ ἄσημ' ὅπως,
Χαράγματι δὴ πένθιμον μέλος τόδε.
Ψυχῆ ἓν μικρὸν Σῇ ὑδρόσπονδον τόδε
(Καὶ πάσδε δέξαι τεὶς μάκαρ ψυχὴ χοάς)
Χύτλον φέροντες δακρύων ἀενάων
Σοὶ ἀεισόμεσθα τύμβον ἀρδοντες πόνον.

R. Creyghton, L. Gr. Pr. Coll. Trin.

Abstersit

THRENODIA.

Abſterſit nondum lacrymas Academia Mater,
Funere Regali queîs maduere genæ:
Altera quum triſtis nos urget cauſa dolendi,
Quæ cogit luctus ingeminare novos.
Palladio ſpoliata ſuo Reſpublica luget;
Patria, & imprimis Carolus Ipſe, dolet;
Illum, qui Patriæ Patrem, Regíque Senatum
Reddidit, heu! nobis abſtulit una dies.
Quando autem miſeros, Georgi, ſic deſeris Anglos,
Et Superi te nunc ad ſua regna vocant,
O nè unquam redeat, Duce te diſcuſſa, procella,
Perfida, quo vivo, turba quieta fuit.
Quondam ſæva Tibi parebant fata, jubenti
Quà libuit vitam, quà libuítve necem.
Hinc mors callida Te non æquo Marte petebat,
Sed fractum morbis improba adorta fuit.
Interea flemus: rident tres ecce Sorores,
Te, Dux, arte ſuâ dum periiſſe vident.

Fran. Bridgeman, Filius Domini
Orlandi Bridgeman, Cuſtodis,
magni Sigilli, *Coll. Magd.*

Finis eſt bello: redit ad Triumphum
Georgius, magnus Britonum Imperator;
Milites jactant ſua, dum Togati
Carmina condunt.
Ipſe Rex currum ſequitur reductus;
Georgius ſellâ ſedet in curuli;
Nempe jam primùm petit hos honores
Ultima paſſus.

Justus in vivis aberàt Triumphus,
Gloriæ totus CAROLI litabat,
Quódque captivos animos trahebat
Sat sibi duxit.
Oh! tui parcus nimis æstimator,
Facta cui rectè faciunt ruborem,
Nec nisi exanguis pateris triumphum
Fronte serenâ.
Exeras charum caput, O Beate;
Semper obscuras repetes latebras?
Quamdiu noto *Monachus* reducet
Ora Cucullo?
Anglus, exultas ubi tu, dolebit;
Gaudii Belgas socios habeto,
Seu magis Galli Saliæque gentis
Grata chorea est.
Ferre qui vivum nequeunt, triumphent;
Anglus, ut functum tulerit, veretur;
Quique Te nondum didicit carere,
Luget ademptum.

Carolus Wright, Trin. Coll. Soc. Proc. Sen.

PLures Joves fuisse, plures Hercules
Testantur antiqui monimenta seculi;
At quicquid omnes fecerant Heroïcum
In unius solet refundi gloriam:
Sic ante natales Tuos, Dux inclyte,
Olim ferunt fuisse Sanctum GEORGIUM;

At

THRENODIA.

At Te nepotes GEORGIUM credent eum,
Et Angliam, quam liberâsti, virginem.

Sam. Beck, Jun. Proc. *C. C. C. Soc.*

Disrupta *Hollandæ navalis* Cornua *Lunæ*
Non nisi sunt famæ buccina rauca Tuæ.
Te pia pugnantem velârunt nubila fumi,
Condere sic nubes numinis ora solet.
Dum Tua victrices cingebant Tempora Laurus,
A Bombardarum fulmine tutus eras.
Non auro, rutilas *Batavo* sed *sanguine* arenas
Æquora (quod majus nobiliúsque) ferunt.
Suecia Gustavi fileat miracula Adolphi;
Clarius en nostro sidus in orbe micat.
Mars Terris, Nestor monitis, Neptunus in undis,
His tribus auspiciis stant *tria Regna* Tuis.

Dux hydrope laborans.

ARtes inscriptæ Sethi periêre Columnæ,
Mersus Diluvii cùm fuit orbis aquis.
Sic Regni hic cecidit, Musarum & nobilis Atlas,
Dum tumidum hydropis corpus abundat aquis.
Ast Anima Ætheream, velut olim Turtur, ad Arcam
Tendit, námque *moram hîc non patiuntur aquæ.*
Turgentem hinc nostris hydropem mandat ocellis,
Fit Globus & lacrymis Insula uterque suis.
Hæc Tua sic Pietas *lustrali flumine* terras
Cæde cruentatas officiosa lavat.

Conspirant

Conſpirant ambo in noſtras Elementa ruinas,
Ignibus atque undis bis *nova Troja* perit.
Dum totam hoc facinus vitiavit crimine maſſam,
Nulla, niſi in lacrymis quæ fluit, *unda pia eſt.*
Continet hic, noſtris quicquid ſit nobile terris,
Dum ſic *Terra-aqueus* viſus & ipſe *Globus.*
Fluxus, refluxus, quaſi tot ſuſpiria ab imo
Corde Thetis fundit; palpitat uſque dolor.

Imperatoris ad inſtar, ſtans moritur.

NOn *jacet* Hic, nè morte quidem; nec cedere fatis
Dignatur: moriens *ſtat* monumenta ſibi.
Alta petit mens alta; ſed ambitione remotâ,
Ambivit *Summum* non niſi morte *locum.*

ARma virúmque cano, Scotiæ qui primus ab oris
Optato Angliacas ditavit lumine terras.
Sol Boreâ exoritur, lux è caligine; mutant,
Te mandante, ſuum Natura & tempora curſum.
Clarum ſanguineâ rediit ſic mane fugatâ
Nocte, ſequuturum dat *veſpera rubra* ſerenum.
Ille *Axis* regni meritò dicatur, ab Arcto
Dum, per utrumque polum, rectè tendebat in Auſtrum,
Hoc uno Angliacus dum cardine volvitur orbis.
Hoſtes Hic ſolâ vultûs, placidâque fugavit
Majeſtate manûs, Regem dum pectore condit.
Illi *à conſiliis* nemo, niſi Numina, *ſacris*,
Nec fas eſt *ſanctam* ſcrutari Pectoris *Arcam.*
Mercurius *cælúmque inter terrámque volabat*
Nubibus obſcuris latitans: ſic numina noſtros
Effugiunt oculos, magis & veneranda videntur

Quæ

THRENODIA.

Quæ magìs obſcurum referunt Myſteria ſenſum;
Plenior & *Nigra* eſt terrore & fulmine Nubes.
Sic venit, vicit: ſic ipſe Archangelus olim
Dæmona non armis, ſed *diſceptando*, ſubegit.

Ja. Lowde, A. M. *Aul. Clar. Soc.*
& Acad. Taxat. Sen.

GLoria quanta perit nobis? cantata Deorum
Præ qua ſordeſcunt nomina, Roma, tua.
Reddidit Æneam invictum Muſa Maronis,
Hujus at in laudes fabula nulla venit.
Pelidæ, nati & Laertâ legimus acta,
Sed majora Ducis vidimus acta manu.
Nec ſolùm, quos terra dedit, jactamus honores,
Tantæ virtutis teſtis & unda venit.
Vos, Belgæ, quoties fluctus vidêre trementes,
Et maturantes, Hoc veniente, fugam?
Magnum terra dedit, magnum dedit undáque Nomen;
Sed CAROLUS rediens, Te Duce, quale dedit?
Quas laudes, quos tunc meruit ſine cæde triumphos?
Dextræ magna, animi gloria major erat.
Conſilio quot tunc fregit, non Marte, cohortes?
Languentem hâc patriam reddidit arte ſibi.
Templa Deis hâc arte dedit, dedit otia ferro,
Hâc populo leges, hâc *Carolúmque* dedit.
Nobis & rebus noſtris dedit Ipſe ſalutem,
Heu! perit, infelix Anglia, veſtra ſalus.

Elias Bachiler, A. M. *Coll. Regal.*
Soc. Taxatorum alter.

Caſtalios

CAstalios latices sacri de vertice montis
Da mihi Phœbe, precor, celebrare ut carmine possim
Dignum laude virum, quo non insignior alter,
Toto nec famæ radiis illustrior orbe.
Pacis opus primùm mirer, belline labores?
Quid dicam placidos servato pondere mores?
Quæ pietas? Quæ prisca fides? prudentia quanta?
Quantus amor recti, jam tum spectatus & illo
Tempore, cùm sceleris tanta essent præmia, quanta
Penè vel incoctum generoso pectus honesto
Concuterent, Regnum, diademata, purpura, fasces;
Cùm CAROLUM in Patriam sine cæde & sanguine, Cœli
Depositum, armatus multâ cum pace reduxit.
Quid Decios mihi, Roma, tuos, Fabiique triumphos,
Scipiadásque duos narras, & fulmina Belli?
Huic similem gens nulla Ducem tulit, Anglia quondam
Bellatrix tanto nec se jactabit Alumno.
At tandem Fato cessit Vir magnus, honoris
Jam satur, & voti compos, jam Rege reverso,
Opportunè obiit felix, non indigus ævi,
Nec nimius, Pylii at dignus vel Nestoris annos
Vivere, vel potiùs vitæ transcendere metas.
O Dux, salve perpetuùm mihi, maxime MONCHI,
Perpetuúmque vale; nimiùm foret Anglia felix,
Tale decus sæpè, & similes si Heroas haberet.

C. C. Coll. Regal. Soc.

Exsurge

THRENODIA.

EXſurge Marmor, arcuati fornicis
Deterge ſtratum, ſaxeámque chlamydem
Celſiſſimi injice in humeros fortes Ducis.
Quid triſte Cæſarem hoſpitem Marmor ſitit?
Auguſtiorem victimam hic tegit Lapis.
Luctûs tributum cui tiara principum
Et ipſa ſolvit purpura. Orbis geſtiunt
Suis Monarchæ ſumptibus clariſſimam
Augere gloriam Rogi. Nullus premat
Tamen theatrum: CAROLI ſolus Dolor
Duci Inclyto quàm lugubrem Scenam ſtruit!
Sceptri potentis ſplendidas ſpargens opes
Faſtus adornat funeris; Reliquos ſinit
Spectare pompam, cujus ipſe eſt Regius
Faber. Sic Aurum (Magne CÆSAR) deplue,
Regaliter ſic minue gazas: Principis
Verè eſt, fidelibus revixit Artibus
Quorum corona, ſceptra ſumptu funera
Curare; Ad inſigne Meritum Herois ſtupet
Orbis: Loquatur Vulgus, Epitaphium
Sed Marmori Reges figant. ———

Edoardus Kemp, Coll. Regin. Socius.

Tumulus GEORGII *Ducis Albemarlæ.*

TOlle graves Lapides, lacrymoſáque Marmora tolle,
Non iſtis huic eſt accumulandus honor;
Uſque adeò anguſtum eſt quicquid compre'ndere poſſit;
Buſtáque diſſilient *Hoſpite* rupta ſuo.

Proh quantus! proprio tria dans Diademata Regi!
Quémque *Patrem* indigitat, qui Pater est Patriæ.
Quid mirum, toto si vix dum clauditur Orbe?
Uno non jaceat Gloria tanta loco.

Sub pedibus sita sit Caledonia: molle paretur
Pulvinar Capiti Terra Britanna tuo,
Et superimpositus tibi surgat Hibernia *Cippus*:
Singula se debent hæc Tria Regna tibi.
Atque Tholis affixa tuis, Quæque Insula circùm
Pendeat, ut dextræ justa Trophæa tuæ.
Illîc Res Scotiæ, & pugnata ex ordine bella,
Quà mare, quà tellus, *Arma Virúmque cane.*
Nec procul hinc (INVICTA licèt) *Sterlinga* notetur.
Fifa si quid dignum, *Forthâque* si quid habet:
Orchades atque Hebrides, Mundi procul ultima Thule
Hæc nostro Alcidæ sola *Columna* manet.
Conjuratorum stent *Confisteria* fratrum
Ipsa *suo* victas *Fudere* vincta manus:
Stabit & à tergo gemebunda & *naufraga Classis*
In lacrymis eheu! (quàm bene!) mersa suis.
Parte aliâ, Fluctu spumantia Cærula cano
Cernere erit, lato & fervere bella mari:
HUNC celsâ in puppi, (frustrà rugiente Leone
Battavico) tumidis ponere jura fretis:
Fractas undique Classes, disjectásque antennas:
Nereus in tremulis abdidit ora vadis.
Palluit ad rauci Thetis ipsa tonitrua Campi;
Sed, fugitive, *rubet* sanguine, Belga, tuo.

HUNC TUMULUM *vivens* posuit sibi *Manckius* ingens.
Claudito Marmoreas, signa adamante fores

THRENODIA.

O nunquam reſerandas! Nec, dum Regna manebunt,
Qui prope Te jaceat, MONCKIUS alter erit.

Guil. Quarles, Aul. Pembr. Soc.

Epitaphium Ducis ALBEMARLIENSIS.

SIſte viator,
&
Effare marmor.
Hîc jacet Angliæ Genius tutelaris,
GEORGIUS MONKIUS, Dux *Albemarlienſis*,
Eques Periſcelidis, & Britannici militis
Imperator, &c.
Nec magìs titulis, quàm meritis inſignis,
Virtute bellicâ clarus vel ab incunabulis,
Martis audiat Primogenitus.
Ut omittam apud Scotos quot præſtiterat egregia,
Quoties ſubdolum cautè ſatìs fefellerat hoſtem,
Nobis Angligenis erit Sanct. GEORGIUS ſecundus,
(Quis futurus tertius nondum conſtat)
Ni magìs dignus qui primus habeatur:
Utpote qui non Virginem ſolùm, Regiam licèt liberavit,
Nec unicum tantùm Draconem fortiter licèt jugulavit;
Verùm ter centum Dracones, Senatum nempe, totúmq; gregẽ
Proſtravit & peſſundedit. (Democraticũ
Quin & Regem, Regiámq; proſapiã, tripléxq; Diadema ſartum
Quaſi poſtliminio reduxit. (tectum conſervatum
Terror erat tum vivus, tum moriens delirantibus Fanaticis,
Et fruſtrà excandeſcente phrenetico perduellium zelo,

Et nihil obſtante formidabili Militum apparatu,
Et Regno Regem, Regi populum, populóq; pacem, verámq;
cunctando reſtituit. (libertatem
Nec minùs apud exteros, quàm apud indigenas
Inclaruit nomen, fama, & honos GEORGII;
Senſerunt Batavi (neque enim pudet referre)
Invictum & impavidum Ducis noſtri animum,
Cùm hoſtilis militis heu! quantâ copiâ
Oppreſſus penè videretur.
Nec Belgas reformidavit, nec Gallos, imò nec rabidam peſtem
Ære pluſquam triplici munitum GEORGII pectus,
Generoſo ſcilicet incoctum honeſto.
Quò verò magis graſſata eſt hæc lethalis peſtis,
Eò impenſiùs muneri vacavit militari
Dux vigilantiſſimus.
Annorum tandem, Virtutum, & honorum plenus,
Poſtquam Pacem procurâſſet ritè ſtabilitam,
Filiúmque unicum optimè vidiſſet maritatum,
Sponte jam ceſſit hoſti à ſe ſæpiùs profligato
Aliàs cedere neſcius.
Obiit 3° *Jan.* Anno Dom. $16\frac{49}{70}$.
Non molli recumbens lecto, ſed inſidens ſolio,
Ut vixit ſic obiit Imperator,
Intellectu vel in articulo mortis nihil vacillante.
Feſti extremum Natalitii in cœlis abſoluturus,
Cujus Adventum in terris Religiosè obſervârat.
Et ultimum jam ſpirans halitum
Regi CAROLO vota geſtis majora,
Populo Anglicano pacem & illibatam Religionem,
Et hæredi intemeratam ad extremũ uſq; erga Regẽ fidelitatẽ
D. D.
Interim nè metuas Viator feſtum hoc, quo obiit, ſolenne
Lacrymâ

THRENODIA.

Lacrymâ ſaltem unâ aut alterâ commaculare.
Ni parùm deceat manes Ducis in cœlis jam triumphantis
Vel lacrymulâ violare.
At abi viator,
Et cùm imitari nequeas,
Nè deſinas admirari.

Jo. Radcliffe, S.T.B. & Coll. Magd. Soc.

NUnquid in æternum? Quin longos mitte dolores,
Et juſtis Lacrymis ſit modus, Alma Parens.
Quid laceras vultus iterum? Quid pectora tundis?
Perpetuum funus ſola MARIA dabit?
Sic bene lugemus miſeros, ſic fata malorum:
Hocce parentari noluit illa modo.
Fallor, & agnoſco recidivo fortè dolori
Cauſam (quam metuo) poſſe ſubeſſe novam.
Quæ niſi ſummorum Regum Patriæque Parentum
Nulla dolere ſoles funera, Muſa doles.
CAROLUS uſque decus terris, manet uſq; propago
Regia, cura Dei, deliciæ populi.
Unus adhuc ſupereſt, niſi non ſupereſſe dolemus,
Cui planctus debet docta caterva ſuos.
Hoc video: Tu fida ſed infeliciter, Alma
Mater, namque hodie Regia buſta paras.
Occidit (heu!) Regni Stator! quis cætera fando
Explicet! has vires nulla poëſis habet.
Sentio depreſſæ mentis per pectora fuſum
Murmur, quod pietas vix cohibere valet.
Quid nos (ô ſuperi) in cœlum committere tantum?
Anglia quid potuit? Quid meruêre boni?

Uſque

Usque adeò omnigenos uno jam fulmine mulctat,
Perderet útque omnes Jupiter, unus abit.
Síccine sævitum est in Te, Brittannia, semper?
Et dabis æternos hostibus usque jocos?
Sed nec inexperti sanè sumus ante malorum:
Conquerimur primis jam graviora malis.
Cùm furor Anglorum mentes agitaret & arma,
Anglia & undabam sanguine tota meo:
Non ego causabar cœlos, non jura suprema;
Nil animi verbis impatientis erat.
Sensi olim intrepidè pestem Flammámque voracem;
Urbes hæc uffit, viscera & illa mea.
Perdere vel terras omnes quæ singula possint,
Hæc ego constanti pectore juncta tuli:
At non sola tulit: per Te, Dux inclyte, totum
Hoc potuit; per Te post mala tanta valet.
Certa sub auspiciis vestris sua fata repellit,
Consilio freta, & viribus usa tuis.
Anglum non flammæ terrent, non vulnera pestis
Te Duce, & in diro tempore victor erat.
Unius hæc potuit virtus, hæc GEORGIUS, ætas
Præsens quæ vidit, Postera vix capiet.
O si quam patriæ vitam tua facta dederunt
Æternam, hanc possent reddere fata tibi!
Per nova quæ faceres sentirent fortè nepotes,
Quæ sumus experti vera fuisse tua.
At ridet Cœlum miserorum hæc irrita vota,
Inque suum damnum non solet esse pium.
CAROLUS in cœlis nunc primùm vota suorum
Damnat, & immemores non sinit esse sui.
Anglia mitte meum, Regum Sanctissimus inquit,
CAROLUS, Alter Ego, sufficit Ille Tibi.

Nuper

THRENODIA.

Nuper ut aggreſſa eſt ſummi laquearia cœli,
Et petiit ſponſum Diva MARIA ſuum:
Oſcula dum ſacra, & pia dum conſortia miſcent,
En tibi virtutis præmia, Martyr ait.
Ergò quid in terris languet fortiſſimus Heros?
Munera num cœli negligit ille pia?
Negligat ille ſua, at quid gaudia noſtra moratur?
Vendicat & cœlum hunc, impatiénſque moræ eſt.
Jam ſatis armorum, Victor, ſatis atque laborum;
Quid miles toties militat emeritus?
Nec te ſollicitet belli, Brittannia, cura,
Extorſit virtus hoſtibus arma Ducis;
Quem reducem ſolio poſuit Dux, CAROLUS Alter
Firmatam pacem perpetuámque dabit.
Nil quod agas ſupereſt: quin cœlo redde triumphos;
Ut citò Te reddas, CAROLUS ipſe volo.
Dixit; & ille capit demiſſa per æthera verba,
Maturátque fugam promptus ad aſtra ſuam.
Primáque dum ſuperûm Dux noſter limina calcat,
Protinus occurrunt agmina ſancta Poli:
Primus erat Michael, cœlíque exercitus omnis
Adſtat, & intrantis claudit utrinque latus.
Cætera quis narrat, quæ tùm potuêre Superni,
Quæ meruit virtus juſtáque fama Ducis?

Hum. Gower, S. T. B. *Coll. Div. Joh. Socius.*

CIvis obit, cives inter clariſſimus omnes
Fuêre quotquot aut erunt;
Expendis ſi facta viri ſublimia, dotes
Aut inclytas ſi reſpicis.

Auſpice

Auspice quo tria regna gravi collapsa ruinâ,
Tetrúmque prolapsa in Chaos,
In decus emersêre suum robúrque, reducta
Pax est, & ordo redditus.
Cui reducem CAROLUM debemus, sceptráq; nostra
Repôsta justas in manus;
Cui leges nostras in prisca sede locatas,
Quas dira vis refixerat;
Sacráque cui, toties ausis temerata profanis,
Nunc aucta cultu debito.
Marte nec hæc crudo, vel fœdâ clade peregit,
Sed ensis umbrâ fulgidi,
Nominis aut famâ; quòd sese ostenderit hostem
Suffecit in victoriam.
Sed nec pace minor quàm bello floruit Heros,
Nec subditus cessit Duci;
Non magis imperii clavum tractare peritus,
Quàm promptus obsequi fuit:
Incubuit curâ semper vigilante fidelis
Custos salutis publicæ;
Non in reddendâ nobis quàm in pace tuendâ
Prudentior vel fortior.
Accessit, laudes quâ complet nulla, coronis
Illustrior, modestia:
Laude fuit melior, quam surdâ transiit aure
Quò pertineret nescius;
Sorte suâ major, quâ non elatus inanem
Descivit in superbiam;
Atque suo demum merito præclarior, illo
Premente nemini gravis.
Talis, Magne, jaces; monumentum insigne locatur
Tibi superstes Anglia.

Guil. Lynnet, S.T.B. *Coll. Trin. Soc.* DUX

THRENODIA.

DUX in Cathedra moriens.

SE Lecto fati certus Dux extulit ultrò;
Hinc divinandi vatibus ampla seges;
Protulit innumeras causas audacula turba;
Vera nec è cunctis forsitan ulla fuit.
Prodimus affines veris utcunque. Videri
Noluit ille, etiam cùm morereturiners.
Vel puduit morti toties incumbere visum,
Huic tandem veluti succubuisse, Ducem.
Aut excepit eam, se coràm sternere credens
Turpe, sui decoris pro ratione, sedens.
Nec voluit Parcam sic insultare; tremendus
Ille meis pedibus subditus ecce jacet!
Si sto cadam, dixit moriens, si cumbo jacebo,
Iste meam vitam mortis uterque situs
Dedecet: ut vixi moriar constanter & altè;
Hinc capio sellam; mors modò grata veni.
Ambivit vivum frustrà, quem jure rejecit,
Accipitur jure à demoriente, thronus.
Post tot quæsitas palmas, devictáque regna
Sella triumphalis contigit illa Duci.
In campo mallet Bellator quærere mortem;
Ast usquam campus nè foret, Ipse dedit:
Inque acie forsan stantem, & victricibus armis
Accinctum, impetere haud ausa fuisset Eum.

Epitaphium.

Hîc jacet (ut paucis discas, stupeásque viator)
Qualis nullus adhuc civis, AVUS PATRIÆ.

Guil. Corker, A. M. *Coll. Trin. Soc.*

Muſarum Cantabrigienſium

ET Fatis tandem ceſſit, qui ſpicula mortis
Excuſſit toties? toties qui vulnera tutò
Riſit, & armatus ſolâ virtute phalangas
Irruit in denſas, ſubverſis undique ſignis?
Evaſit qui tot caſus, diſcrimina tanta,
Spes ſanè miſeros lactabat vana Britannos
Non potuiſſe mori, & ſolitos finire triumphos.
O ego ſi poſſem ſupremum flectere numen!
Serior in cœlum rediiſſet, & Anglia Tanti
Herois nondum fleviſſet funera mœſta.
Quanquam quid lacrymas, planctus, ſparſóſq; capillos?
Cur vacuæ implentur querulis ululatibus auræ?
Deſinite ô ſocii, placidéque *obdormiat*, annos
Quem per tot longos, rexit dum ſpiritus artus,
Tam bene pro patriâ grati *vigilâſſe* fatemur.

At vos, O Superi, ſummo ſub Rege merentes,
Huc validas afferte manus, fulgentia & arma:
Defuncti ſupplete locum, & circumvolet oras
Angliacas ſemper niveis Victoria pennis:
CAROLUS ut regnet felix, quam MONCKIUS olim
Rettulit, æternùm & floreſcat Pacis oliva.

Joſhua Baſſet, A. M. *Coll. Conv. & Caii Socius.*

QUis canat *Alciden* poſthàc? quiſve *arma virúmque?*
Æneæ *nova Troja* tenet redolentia buſta,
Qualia quæ campo nunquam micuêre Latino.
Qui ſatus Anchisâ *vidua* poſt fata Sichæi
Suppetias tulerat, Regi *Hic* ſolióque locavit.

In

THRENODIA.

In Scotia *nebulæ circùm ſe fudit amictu,*
Ne quis ſcire dolos, mediúſve occurrere poſsit,
Incedit *taciti per amica ſilentia* ruris,
Invadítque urbem, *nebulæ* tunc fulmina mittunt.
Non ſecùs ac Phœbus dum luſtrat lampade terras,
E glebis exhaurit aquas, laticéſque profundo,
Cùm levibus radiis placidè lata æquora lambit,
Indè vapor multus, ſurgit circumfluus humor,
Sed *nubes* non viſa priùs quàm pendula cœlo.
Sic *mediâ regione* ſitus Dux emicat hoſtis,
Horrendi rutilans ut *cæli exercitus* inſtat;
Illico panduntur portæ, nam numine pulſat.
Nec Sibi nec Superis viſum hoc ſat, pergere tendit,
Et tandem *mediâ ponit vexilla Suburrâ.*
Mox pius Æneas geſtit ſervare Penates,
Quos pænè abſumptos dederant incendia belli,
Atque *Patrem Patriæ* ſcapulis geſtabat in urbem,
Dardanio major, *Trojæ* compeſcuit ignes.
Quis canat *Alciden?* Popularem *Hic* contudit *Hydram,*
Fronte ſuâ *Batavum* poterat terrere *Leonem,*
Non iracundo metuens dare verbera ponto,
Caſtigare fretum, fluctus dum *Tartara* nudant.
Augeum ſtabulum purgat, putrémque *Senatum,*
Labentíque orbi ſuccurrit *Regius Atlas.*
Non erat exuviis tectus, nec pelle leonis
Alcides noſter, nudus vel milite pauco,
Scotigenûm *Pictiſque viris* illuſerat hoſti.
Talis erat quem fata velint occumbere morti.
Jam titubat terræ fulcrum, sêcli cadit ingens
Lumen præſentis, nautis *Cynoſura* futuris.

Johan. Warly, A. M. *Aul. Clare. Soc.*

MOrs ſtruit inſidias, periit *Palinurus* hydrope,
Non *pelago*, at proprio mergitur Ille *Salo*.
Quid non ſæva ſibi vellent elementa *licere*,
Poſt domitum Oceanum, *ſi jugulatis aquæ?*

Idem.

In Cippum Illmi Ducis ALBEMARLENSIS *in Sacello Regis* Henrici *ſeptimi extruendum.*

SIſte pauliſper, Viator,
Quiſquis heic audacior Regum cineres premis,
Tua huc, ſi lubet, veſtigia flectas,
Et ſacras ALBEMARLENSIS reliquias veneraře.
Jacent hîc Tanti Viri exuviæ
Intra tot Regum viciniam;
Et illuſtrem GEORGII urnam,
Juxta avitos cineres
Sacris *Tudorianæ* gentis ſavillis
Pio CAROLUS officio miſcuit.
Tuum jam, *Eliſabetha*, latus propior contingit
Egregius Monarchiæ vindex,
Et ſupra claſſis Hiſpanicæ victoriam
De tua Britanniâ meritus.
Vos autem, ſacri Manes,
Siquæ hîc inter veſtra monimenta
Regales oberratis umbræ,
Cernite novum hunc & eximium veſtræ ſepulturæ hoſpitẽ:
En quantus Heros! quales attollit oculos!
At quicquid illi agilioris & divini

Iners

THRENODIA.

Iners nuper & aquoſum corpus ægrè trahebat,
In cœlum evolabat lymphis intacta anima.
Micantem etiamnum *Mariæ* tramitem
Et nuperi ſplendoris adhuc conſcium ſectatus,
Ad illuſtre *Caroli* Patris ſidus *Georgius* properabat.
Siquidem ſtellas immigrare defunctas hâc vitâ animas
Paulò beatiores haud vani credimus,
Ille demum *Stuartiano* vortici
Illuſtrior accedet ſtellula.
Illic æternis gyris *Carolinum* ſidus
Eximius aſſêcla comitatur.
Geſtit CAROLUS ſacras miſcere dextras,
Et viri paulò majores vultus intueri;
Geſtit totis hauſiſſe radiis
Filii ſimul & Paternæ cædis ultorem.
At Tu, GEORGI, ſic nec cœlum ipſum
Nec vicinæ auguſtiores umbræ uſquequaque arrideant,
Licèt in memoris CAROLI mente tutior ſuperſis,
Et dum intra ſacri pectoris penetrale requieſcis,
Non poteris auguſtiori tumulo reponi.

Hen. Goſtling, A. M. *Soc.* C. C. C.

TE, GEORGI, num Fata vocant? nimis invida terris
Juſſa Deûm noſtris! fuit ah! quis charior Anglis?
Quis meruit majora? Tuâ, Dux optime, dextrâ eſt
Reddita libertas nobis: Tu murmura turbæ
Sedabas querulæ; & *diviſos* Rege *Britannos*
(Quod ſolus poteras) *concordi pace ligabas.*
O patriæ præluſtre jubar! caput infer Olympo

Emeri-

Emeritum bello; nimiùm, te sospite, felix
Visa Deis, nimiúmque potens Brittannica tellus.
Plebs plorat, non sola tamen; suspiria miscet
Plebeiis trabeata cohors, suspiria miscet
CAROLUS, humectans lacrymis regalibus urnam.
Anglorum communis amor! tibi tota sepulctum est
Anglia, tota tibi tumulus; juvenésque senésque.
Te linguâ, te corde gerunt; te pectore versant.

R. Blyth, Aul. Pemb. Soc.

In Obitum Illustrissimi Ducis GEORGII MONKE *in Cathedra defuncti.*

QUæ non in mediis stantem pessundare turmis,
Sternere nec lecto Te valuêre tuo,
Ad Cathedram tremebunda tuam curvantur, & orant
Vulneribus veniam fata locúmque suis.
Quæ stando subigis, poteras vicisse sedendo;
Consulis hoc, validi militis illud habes.
At, quod nos latuit, serò, Dux magne, docemur
Te, quia nolebas vivere, posse mori.

T. Goodlad, A.M. *Sid. Coll. Soc.*

SOlvimur in gemitus, lacrymas, suspiria, luctus
Solvimur haud frustrà Angli, cùm lugubria justa
Reginæ Matris, Ducis aspera threna sequuntur.

Nempe

THRENODIA.

Nempe hoc amiſſo, ſe orbatum utroque parente
Agnoſcit CAROLUS, geminóq; accingitur oſtro;
Illa dedit CAROLUM vitalem in luminis auram,
Hic profugum, & varios ignota per æquora Regem
Pertæſum errores, antiqua in ſceptra renatum
Reddidit, & ſolio reducem firmavit avito.
Ergo ille in terris plenos emenſus honores,
Hinc cœlum petit, atque illic cedente Boote
Excipiet currûs Carolini lætus habenas.
Tu tamen, O Heros, Cuſtos fidiſſime Regni,
Perge tuos etiam in cœlo curare Britannos;
Perpetuâ Angliacas Arctoo è limite luce,
Et non caſuro reſpecta ſidere terras.

L. Topcliffe, L. B. *Gon. & Caii Coll.*

MUſa tot Auguſtis *Monachi* jam aſſueta triumphis
Credidit invictum non potuiſſe mori:
Nunc ſtupet, & queritur; *Monachi* quòd nomine digno
Nominis (heu!) Meritum perfida fata negent.
Scilicet ut quanquam Deus immortalis haberi
Solus erat dignus, tollere Morte velint.
Non te *Lambertus*, neque te Fanatica turba
Terruit, aut contrà tendere vi potuit.
Quin etiam veluti Boreâ crepitante vireſcit
Laurus, victor Ovans ex Aquilone venis.
Scotia te felix, felíxque Britannia cantat,
Téque patrem patriæ CAROLUS ipſe vocat.

R. Sanderſon, A. B. *Coll. D. J. Soc.*

Αἰάζω

Ἀιάζω τμηθέντ' ἐριθηλέα ὄζον Ἄρηος,
Καὶ ςαθερὸν θείης ἕρμα δικαιοσύνης.
Πρῶτον Ζεὺς χρύσειον ὅταν γένος ὤπασεν, ἦσαν
Ἥσυχοι, ἠδὲ καλῶ μῦνον ἔχοντο βροτοί,
Νόσφιν ἄτερ πολέμοιο· μόνον ςονόεντα τετάρτῳ
Ὑσμίνης κρατερῆς ἔργα μέμηλε γένει.
Ποῖον δ' (Ἀγλιακοῖς μέγα πῆμ') ὀλοφυρόμεθ' ἄνδρα;
Αὐτός τ' αἰχμητὴς, ἠδὲ δίκαιος ἔην.

QUalia funereæ sunt hæc solennia pompæ!
Quis tales unquam viderit exequias!
Undique tristitia est, cùm tota Britannia ploret,
Et salsæ multus defluat imber aquæ.
Damnum, si largo quis fletu perdat ocellos,
Quàm tenue est! Oculis charior Ille fuit.

FIngere si liceat nobis solamina, dictis
Parce, haud injustâ morte peremptus eras;
Sed meritò occumbis: Tibi præmia digna rependit,
Et Deus ad sedes evocat æthereas.
Quid faceret tellus; cùm Se tibi debeat Ipse,
Quem nos terrestrem novimus esse Deum?

Jacobus Manfeild, A. B. *Trin. Coll.*

RErum certa salus nostrarum & gloria, GEORGI,
Sospite quo, faciles vidimus esse Deos.
Sive Caledoniis, recolam, cùm salvus ab oris
Huc aderas, numen dum properaret iter.

Sive

THRENODIA.

Sive juvat *Batavi* memorare noviſſima Belli,
Cùm *toties uno victor ab hoſte* redis.
Indè, minor noſtras metuit fortuna querelas,
Credita dum curæ ſacra Corona tuæ.
Hinc, vacuâſſe ſuas videantur fata pharetras,
Omnia dum temnens, irrita tela facis.
Fatorum invidiam cùm ſic ſuperaveris, ultrò
Fortiter oſtendis, te quoque poſſe mori.

Johannes Jones, A. B. *Trin. Coll.*

Ὅσσοι ναιετάουσι Βρεταννίδος ἔνδοθι νήσου
Νῶϊ κόπωσιν ὁμῶς ϛήθεα μυρόμενοι.
ΜΟΓΚΟΣ, ὃς ἐν πολέμῳ ἐναρίθμιος ἠδ' ἐνὶ βουλῇ,
Θοῦρον ὃς ἀμφοτέρῃσι, καὶ δορὶ, καὶ σοφίῃ,
Πᾶσι μάλ' Ἀγλιαΐηϲι γόον καὶ πένθος ἄλαϲτον
Κάλλιπεν, ἠλύμπου γαῖαν ἀμειψάμενος.
Ὃν πολλαῖϲ δοράτων, ξιφέων θ' ἑκατοντάϲι πολλαῖϲ
Οὐ δύνατο βλάπτειν κυδιάνειρα μάχη,
Κοινὴ πᾶϲι βροτοῖϲιν ὅμως μιν ἀπώλεϲε μοῖρα,
Ἦν φυγέειν πως ἔτ' ἀλκίμῳ ἀνδρὶ θέμις.
Ἐϲ μαχάων δ' ἀνέβη νῶϊ δώματα· ἡ δ' ὀπίϲημος
Δόξα πάλαι θείων ἄγχι βέβηκε θρόνων.

J. Nailer, A. B. *Aul. Pemb.*

ROma ſalutares Divos per templa, per aras,
Soteras coluit Græcia vana ſuos:

Dux sacer at Moses, & clarus Josua Nuni,
Fortis & Othoniel; postea, magnus Ehud,
Hi salvatores populo celebrantur Hebræo,
Per quos Abramidûm gens sacra sospes erat.
Tantus Conservator erat Dux inclytus: atque
Nuniden, Jesu qui typus ipse, refert:
Qui populo longo errore atque tyrannide presso
Finibus Ægypti, cæco Arabúmque solo;
Virtus tanta suæ & Divina potentia dextræ,
Numen Is Isacidis auxiliare vehit,
Et fert ad terram promissam, pinguia frugum,
Immanes botros, dulcia mella, sata:
Vincit Idumæos mirâ virtute tyrannos,
Inque Amalec natos Numine plenus ovat.
Non aliter MONCUS; per quem Deus omnia vellet
Salva, instaurata; Hic Josua noster erat:
Exosúmque Deo pecus, effera turba rebellis
Sortem Amalec digno Hoc vindice, fata luit.

Nunidi nomen mutatum: id Numine factum.
Salvator Domini Josua; MONCUS idem.
MONCUS eras, aliud sed postea Nomen honoris
Illustris Dux à Rege mereris; habes.

Ad ripas, Jordane, tuas (sacrata fluenta
Jesu Baptismo) Josua prima capit
Auspicia officii: CAROLUS dúmque appulit oris
Primus honestat Eum; Quo auspice atque duce
Jus regni repetit: Quem juxta Numen amavit
Et semper coluit, jam colet inque dies.
Divino eloquio, imperio inprimísque stupendo
Et Soli & Lunæ Josua sistit iter;

Claudi-

THRENODIA.

Claudicat ipſe dies coram Victore; Morantur
Gibeonitæis Lumina vincta modis:
Sed CAROLO Sole exorto tot lumina ſecum
Clara tulit, poterit longior eſſe dies?
Poſt longam noctem tamen, O Dux Phoſphore, tandem
Feciſti haud Solem ſtare, redire facis:
Nec verbo hoc factum, at per fida ſilentia: noſter
Sidereus fueras Nuncius, è Scotiâ.

Quanquam *Londini* metuebant mœnia, fato
Nè Jericontino, (quâ data porta) tubis
Ignotis ruerent: ſervavit mœnia & urbem;
Civica debetur multa Corona Duci.
Id cives nôrunt: ingens extremáque cura
His de, Paulinis ædibus atque ſacris.

Denique adorandi Soteris, Joſua, Jeſu,
Ipſe typus multo nomine certus erat;
Quem, noſtro laus magna Duci cluit, eſſe ſequutum:
Nunc typus is Chriſti, quíque imitator, erit:
Æmulus æterni ſic Servatoris Iëſu
Cœleſtem Canaan Joſua noſter init;
Quâ Gideon, Sampſónque Duces, ævíque virilis
Robora, jam claudunt cum Duce forte latus.
At Chriſti ad γένεσιν ſacri Ducis ἔξοδος; eheu
Sic Natalitium naſcitur in lacrymis;
Ad Jeſu Natale diem finivit: ut Orbis
Taxatur lacrymis Te moriente novis!

Timo. Puller, S. T. B. *Coll. Jeſu Soc.*

UT novus annus adest tristi auspice, Te Duce dempto!
Qui dare, Jane, soles pignora, Túne rapis?
It cælo sed *strena*, puto; & cœlestia regna
Dux nunc Legatus, gratus & hospes adit.
Dona ineunte anno Proceres dant aurea Regi
Cum bursa: Noster Dux sua solvit, obit:
Argenteósque scyphos dat Rex ex more vicissim,
Jam plenos lacrymis (Pocula sacra!) suis.
Nec stipe jam frueris, Cæsar, pro more viritim,
Ni populi lacrymis, Jano ineunte, suis;
O bifrons! simul & luctus & gaudia præbes:
Exis tristis, ità & mœstus inire velis?
Grandia sic junctus tessellat gaudia planctus,
Iris ut auratâ nube remittit aquas:
Fœnora tristitiæ fœcundo condere fisco
In mediis festis cogitur Aula suis.
Flevimus hoc festum juxta Par nobile Fratrum
Carolidas; memini, *Phœbus* uterque suis
Defecit maculis; Horum modò luximus almam
Reginam *Matrem*, Jamque *Patrem Patriæ*:
Namque *Patrem* Rex Ipse suum quem dicere vellet,
Plusquam *Patronum* Patria jure vocat.

Idem

TE non una domus, non gens Te defleat una,
Integra Regna pio funere justa dabunt:
Albion atratâ pallentem condere vultum
Veste studet, lacrymis Insula facta suis;
Grandes Mavortis Proceres nunc fortia tundunt
Pectora, Mortalis quos nova Cura premit:

Unani-

Unanimes feriunt gladiíſque micantibus æthram,
Quæ nunc atrato pulvere nigra dolet.
Martia quàm leſſu lugubri præfica plangit?
Non exauditæ triſtiùs uſque tubæ:
Hæc ſunt ſola tui Martis ſuſpiria, planctus;
Non alia ingentis ſigna doloris habent;
Qui ſolùm ut ſilices lacrymas effundere poſſunt,
Per liquidos ignes ergò dolere ſolent.
Thura placent Superis, per dîa palatia cœli
Cœleſtes acies, Angelicæque tubæ
Ferre, referre ſonos properántque augere triumphum,
Jámque ſui adventum concelebrare Ducis:
Si voti compos Dux eſſet, in agmine denſo
Clauſiſsétque diem Marte calente ſuum:
O quot mulctâſſet letho vis ultima dextræ?
Hunc impune putes tum potuiſſe mori?
Poſt miros vitæ caſus, immenſa trophæa,
Quum jam per gladium pace potitus erat,
In *cathedra* meruit ſedem quâ Fata quieſcant,
Sic toties Victor debuit ille mori!
Qui mortem toties in campo Martis aperto
Vidit, Is in lecto noluit occidere;
Nollet in extremis animam ſimulare jacentem,
Illa eſſet nimiùm mollis ad aſtra via:
In cathedra à qua olim fudiſſe Oracula belli
Notus erat, Marti ponere jura potens,
Augurium Cœlo indè capit, meritámque coronam:
Quâ cœlo vehitur, ſella, curulis erat:
In cathedra, fit ſtella cadens quaſi *Caſsiopeiâ*:
At *Plauſtra* excipiunt dum *Carolina* Ducem,
Rheda triumphalis nè in cœlo defuit ipſo,
Reddat ut hunc Superis, congenitíſque Deis.

T. Puller, S.T.B. *C. Jeſu S.* *Carmen*

Musarum Cantabrigiensium

Carmen Triumphale.

GRæca *chelys* quondam septenis insita nervis
Pellæi juvenis miracula plurima lusit:
Tibia sic Romæ didicit resonare Trophæa
Cæsaris invicti: durum celebravit *Ulyssem*
Ingens *Mæonides* quoque Carmine duraturo:
Immensúsque suos Heroas *Pindarus*, omnes
Reddidit Indigetes: nulli *pietate* secundum
Æneam miris numerorum ambagibus olim
Fatidicæ *Mantûs* Vates celeberrimus effert.
Quis tua Gesta canet, Britonum *Dux Magne*, Decúsque
O & Præsidium! Quis tanta GEORGICA scribet?
Haud par unus erit, parva est ter trina *Sororum*
Juncta cohors; sed nec sat erunt tua dicere facta
Vel centum *Musæ*. — Quisquis de gente *togata*
Clamet *ad Arma*, vibret calamum; properent *Veterani*
E castris, multâ *juvenum* stipante catervâ,
Quisque *cothurnati* carmen tentare *Maronis*.
Magnum magna decent, & non nisi *Copia* Vatum
Induperatoris Tanti *Vexilla* sequuntur.
Consilio mirè pollens fuit, impiger armis,
Imperio gravis, impavidus, patiénsque laboris,
Militibus charus, taciturnus, & hostibus ipsis
Dilectus Terror, tremuit *Leo Belgicus* Illum,
Non *Gallum*, Illius cantus fulmen tonitrúque.
Ille jugum imposuit *Scotiæ*, sempérque rebellem
In *Reges* sanctos, docuit parere popellum
Ipsi *Subjecto*; patrios revocatus in agros
Prædonum varias *nutu* compescuit iras,
(Qui debacchantes *Carolini* sanguinis hausto

Sacrilego,

Sacrilego, jam de Imperio dare mutua bella.)
Venit enim, *vidit* tantùm, & ſine vulnere *vicit*.
Conſcia gens fugit armorum ſtrepitu tremebunda,
Victori inſolito *campúmque urbémque* relinquens.
Et jam cui præter *Regnum* nil defuit antè,
Hunc unum penès Imperium. -- At quìd dicitur olim
Nulla fides pietáſque viris quì caſtra ſequuntur?
Præfuit (en!) CAROLI *caſtris fidiſſimus* Heros,
Qui nec *regnandi* causâ ſibi *Jus violandum*
Cenſens, dignus erat *Carolo* ſubmittere *faſces*
Imperii, *Solium* Patris, & *Diadema* redemptum.
Diſcite vos Gentes; noſtri *admiranda* Poëtæ
Sed *credenda* canunt. -- ſtupeat vicinior orbis!
Hæc CAROLI *Servus* jactat miracula rerum:
Quid *Dominus faciet?* ---

F. Standiſh, S. T. B. *C. S. P. S.*

VIr bonus & juſtus, veri moderator, & æqui,
Qui non à medio tramite flexit iter;
Qui, licèt arma ſequens, callet bene Palladis artes,
Inque vices Prudens, Belliger ínque vices;
Qui tenet incoctum generoso Pectus honeſto,
Martis & in caſtris ſe probat eſſe Pium;
Quem malè dilacerata ſuis civilibus armis
Statorem agnoſcit Terra Britanna *Fovem*;
Qui CAROLUM in Patriam magnâ cum laude reduxit,
Nullóque Anglorum ſanguine tinxit humum;
Qui tumidos docuit Batavos, quidnam Anglica poſſit
Virtus, cùm Tali ſub Duce Bella gerit;

Et

Et tandem plenus Famæ, maturus & ævi,
Deposuit vitæ tædia longa suæ;
Scire cupit si quis, sciat, *Albemarlius* Ille est,
Carmine qui dignus Nobiliore frui:
Sed quia non poterat tenuis dare vivere Musa;
Dignum laude mori, cùm dolet, illa negat.

T. Brinley, A. M. *Coll. Regal. Soc.*

IMmortale decus nostræ, Dux inclyte, gentis,
Te canimus, quoniam cantandi hæc otia nobis
Fecisti, & lassas animâsti in carmina Musas.
Mens tamen in dubio est, Virtutum ex mole Tuarum
Quas celebrare decet primùm, quas dicere versu
Incipiam; num bella canam, fusósque rebelles,
An CAROLUM dicam reducem salvósq; Britannos.
Hæc æterna Tuæ Laudis monumenta manebunt,
Quæ non ulla potest annorum abolere vetustas.
Tum pietas, & nota fides, prudentia summa
In pace, erga hostes animúsque in Marte benignus
Carmine digna forent, si possem carmine digno
Exprimere, aut aptis depingere cuncta figuris.
Laudibus at quoniam Tantis par buccina nulla
Evecti ad cœlos, pauca hæc in pulvere scribam.

Hic situs est Regni columen, Regis, Fideíque
Defensatoris fidus Defensor, & omnis
Perfidiæ vindex, dextrísque fidelibus alto
Summa Manus demissa polo, atq; rebellibus horror.

Guil. Saywell, Coll. Sti Joh. Evang. Soc.

Ergóne

ERgóne ſic clades nobis, Libitina, recentes
Uſque pariś? Noſtri vixdum funguntur ocelli
Planctibus heſternis, iterum quando ecce dolemus.
Da fontes, Natura, novos, nova flumina præbe:
Luctibus heu tantis impar Heliconius amnis.
Scilicet occubuit nullo Dux inclytus ævo
Æquandus, fortis, fauſtus, prudénſque, peritus,
Pervigil, invictus, niſi Letho, ſpéſque Britannûm,
Belgarum & terror: Te alio non jactitet Anglus
Nomine: poſſe mori tua Geſta inſignia, MONKE,
Neſcia: quando ſuos CAROLUS remeavit ad Anglos,
Mirandi iſtius reditûs Tibi gloria ſoli
Debita, quæ Tibi ſemper erit poſt fata ſuperſtes,
Dux Magne, ad ſeros & perventura Nepotes.
Cætera quid memorem? Navalia prælia mitto:
Non neſcit mundus, quantum hinc ſuccrevit honoris:
Sic velis, ſic fauſtus equis; terráque maríque
Dividis amphibias curas, auguſtior atque
Latior eſt Virtus Tua quàm queat unum elementum
Complecti; ſolidúmque ſuper cadis Ipſe ſub undis?
Sic quem non fera vis, non bellicus abſtulit enſis,
Obruit en Hydrops! Illi nil pharmaca proſunt:
Nil medicæ valuêre manus: Nil ſuccus & herba:
Eheu! quòd nullâ mors eſt medicabilis arte.

H. Atherton, M. B. *Coll. Chriſti.*

QUi tantos tulerat terráque maríque triumphos,
Subditus imperio eſt, Atropos, Ille tuo.

Qui tria regna potens imis revocavit ab umbris,
Ipse per Elysium en ambulat umbra nemus.
Qui ver optatum CAROLO cum Sole reduxit,
Non autumnum ejus nunc Libitina fugit.
Quique Chaos nostrum pepulit, tristesque ruinas,
Ossa ruinosis tradidit Ille rogis.
Tradidit; at nescit sua tradere gesta sepulcris;
Par sonat Illius Buccina, Fama, tuæ.
Occidit! Heliacè veluti tamen occidit astrum,
Immersus radiis occidit ille suis.

Guil. Sergeant, A. M. Coll. Regal. Soc.

In Clarissimum ALBEMARL. *Ducem 3. Nov. Jan. obeuntem.*

SIccine, Jane, novum nostratibus invehis annum?
Sic premis infausto limina prima pede?
Quis nunc venturas non formidaverit horas,
Si labor est tantus tempora prima pati?
(Tempora prima quidem nostris inscripta Calendis,
Ultima sed vitæ tempora, MONCKE, Tuæ.)
Pace vigens, florens belloque Britannia, luge;
Occubuit pacis militiæque decus.
Ejus da tumulo lacrymas, qui non ità dudum
Languenti dederat gaudia tanta tibi:
Qui te restituit labentem, respice lapsum,
Quique salus fuerat, sit tuus Ille dolor.
Defleat Antistes, Satrapa hunc & ploret adempcum,
Officium præstet vulgus & ipse suum.

Qui-

THRENODIA.

Quilibet Ordo fuit viventi debitor, ergò
Defuncti tumulò quilibet Ordo litet.
Det quod quisque potest, frustrà tamen omnia dantur,
Respondent Tanto præmia nulla Viro.
Ergò vale, per Quem, Dux optime, cuncta valebant,
Quo sine cuncta essent nil valitura, vale.

Joan. Lytcott, Coll. Regal. Soc.

ALbion, occidimus; Nostræ jam gemma Coronæ,
Regis Amor, Britonúmq; decus, fidissima Regna
Spes cecidit, Patriæ periit Flos, Gloria mundi.
Jactet Peliden, Agamemnona Græcia jactet,
Roma Ducésque crepet magnos, duo fulmina belli
Mantua grandiloquo celebret Mavortia cantu;
MONCKIUS Europâ totâ cantabitur; Unus
Omnium Hic instar erat: Qualem non viderit usquam
Aut oculus *Phœbi*, bifrons aut Janus: in armis
Quis major tantúsve audit? Quis tanta tropæa
Aut meruit, retulítve? Tuum, Neptune, Tridentem
Testamur, vestrum Triton Sceptrúmque bisulcum.
Aurato qualis mucrone armatus Orion,
Cùm nautas trepidare facit, cùm territat æquor;
Ense ferox talis medios delapsus in Hostes
MONCKIUS emicuit, vultu sic terruit Hostes.
Sicanium ad fontem tacito sub gurgite serpit
Nobilis Alpheus, gratósque immiscet amores:
Sic Heros Magnus tacito conamine Regnum,
Amplexu CAROLI vetito, suffulsit; & Ipsum
Albioni CAROLUM tandem, Mitrámq; sacellis

Reddidit, & cunctis Pacem donavit: ut astra
Splendida, cùm coëunt, depromunt lucis honorem,
Omne penu Lucis, radiis nè gloria desit;
Inter Magnates sic non mentitus honores
Effulsit propriâ spectandus luce; reliquit,
Occiduæ interdum ut stellæ, non tramitis orbem
Infamem: repetens quam nunc Astræa Coronam
Sidere multipliti decoratam pollice nectit,
Se super aurato Virtus tulit axe Bootæ:
Tantæ mentis erat Patriæ inservire Saluti.

O Wigmore, Coll. Regin.

OCcidit Angligenæ Monarchæ gloria gentis,
Nostræque laus Britanniæ;
At meritis titulisque gravem matura senectus
Hunc patriæ suæ Patrem
Abstulit, utque olim Brutum sua Roma, parentem
Atrata deflet Albion.
Hujus nempe armis pacata rebellis Ierne,
Victúsque Scotus contumax:
Hunc Galli Batavíque truces metuêre cientem
Navium phalangas æreas,
Dum conjurati venêre ad classica venti,
Famulatus & maris Deus;
Tremuerunt, ruerúntque fugâ, Neptuniáque arva
Novis rubuerunt cædibus.
Quid verò tantis, Heros invicte, litabunt
Seri nepotes laudibus?

Te

THRENODIA.

Te divini olim celebrabunt carmine vates,
Utriusque CAROLI vindicem:
Quo Duce vel centum Patriæ cecidêre Tyranni,
Belluáque Regni multiceps.
Seditio tacuit, sapuit Fanatica turba,
Regíque didicit obsequi.
Interea antiquâ sub Relligione Britanni
Sacris avitis gestiunt;
Canitiem priscam venerandáque jura resumunt,
Sub Rege dum florent pio.
At Te cùm pietas, jura, & cum Principe plebes
Terris ademptum lugeant,
Præsi dióque orbata suo gemat Anglia, Regni
Virésque concussæ tremant;
Tu CAROLO *Mariâque* & quos tulit Anglia *Divis*
Fruêris inter cœlites:
Multos terra dedit, multos dedit unda triumphos,
Alios Tibi cœlum dabit.

ANglia conservata Tuis & Hibernia telis,
Imperióque diu Scotia læta Tuo,
In similes laudes junctæ, MONCÆ, laborant,
Virtutes celebrant & tria regna Tuas.

Rich. Blackburne, T. Coll.

QUamvis flere nefas te cœlo, MONCKE, receptum,
Justior haud unquam causa dolotis erat.

Flos

Flos ævi Martísque Decus, flagrúmque Profani,
Et gladius Gentis, Dux, clypeúsque tuæ.
Qui non Herculeos renuisti ferre labores
Pro Patria, vitam claudis, & astra petis.
At Tu, præ cunctis immansuetissima *Divis*,
Bella ita nobiscum cur Libitina geris?
Vicisti. Ducis exuviis, Iæva, superbi:
Delicias nostri Regis, & Orbis habes.

Simon Sayon, Coll. Regal. Alum.

QUid mihi vobiscum, Musæ? quasi fama perennis
Fabellatrici posset ab arte dari!
Sic Magni Arthuri bene consuluistis honori,
Fingendo gestis forte minora suis:
At, cui se debet Brittannia, nobilis Heros
Sincerâ longùm vivat in historiâ;
Nè, cùm posteritas tantæ miracula famæ
Audiat, hæc etiam ficta fuisse putet.

S. H. Coll. S. Joh.

QUi modò succensas Superûm placavimus iras,
Regalis oblatâ *Parentis* victimâ:
Ecce iterum instruimus nigræ solennia pompæ,
Sic Fata poscunt occidentis MONCHII:
Dii tantas reparent clades, tot funera, Regis
Non finiendâ protrahendo tempora.

Occi-

Occidit, Angliacis quo nil præſtantius oris
Indulſit unquam Maximus rerum Parens;
Ille *Pater* ſanctæ pacis, *Carolique* renati,
Tria qui potenti Regna ſervavit manu:
Is qui Lymphati fermenta audacia Zeli
Limatiori corde bene compeſcuit:
Reddere qui voluit, non uſurpare, Coronam,
Rectum Tyranni præferens potentiæ:
Qui, quicquid ſtruxit *Cromwellius* arte vel armis,
Studiis refecit maximè contrariis;
Quódque velit tanto contrarius ire Tyranno,
Encomiorum quis putet partem ultimam?
Ah! utinam interitu Tanti non tincta fuiſſet
Ingrata Magno Vindici Britannia.
Quid tamen Auguſtos Manes cœlóque propinquos,
Vanis moramur proſequentes lacrymis?
Qui potuit dare templa Deo, Regíque Coronam,
Non debuit donum accipere cœlo minus.

Tho. Nixon, T. Coll.

UNdique graſſatur rabies Lymphatica mortis,
Et flos Ille Ducum eſt nil niſi bulla tumens.
Enecat aſpectu vel Aquarius ipſe maligno,
Vulturis ínque modum viſcera rodit hydrops.
Navigat his in aquis truculenti cymba Charontis,
Dura nimis talem ſurripiendo Ducem.
Huic tamen interea morienti gloria creſcit;
Ut fiat Phœnix, vertitur in cineres.

De

De Duce in CATHEDRA *Expirante.*

POst tot confectos fremebunda per arma labores,
MONCKIUS in Cathedra languida membra levat.
Sed deerant Tantæ quia sustentacula Famæ,
(Cujus Terram oneri succubuisse putes)
Impiger ad cœlum properat, sedésque beatas,
Magnificè ut post tot bella triumphet Honos.
Labitur è Cathedrâ jamjam moriturus, & indè
Absque solæcismo pronus ad Astra cadit.

Guil. Makernesse, Coll. Eman.

RUrsus mœsta tuas Academia funde querelas,
Indulgent lacrymis fata severa tuis.
Pangemus posthàc invito gaudia fato,
Nam luctus vix, quò progrediatur, habet.
Sin, quænam gemitûs sit causa, rogaveris, hospes,
Ingenui tardum munus amoris habe.
Servitio gentem duráque Tyrannide pressam
Hunc noscas, solum Hunc, asseruisse manu:
Per multos vaga Sceptra annos, pulsámque Coronam,
Hunc, solum Hunc, proprio restituisse loco.
Audistíne aliquem, tergo qui sustulit orbem?
Hic Ille est humeris qui tria regna tulit.
Alcidæ in monstris celebratur fama domandis:
Non minor Huic fuerat dissimilísve labor.
Purgavit multâ corruptum fæce Senatum:
Augeæ stabulum, quantulus iste labor?

Et

Et cùm nativo maduerunt templa cruore,
Buſirim domuit, reſtituítque Deos:
Hic, cùm ſeptenis tumuiſſet Belga ceraſtis,
Vicit Lernæi dira aconita lacûs.
Inter utrumque tamen ſolum hoc diſcrimen habetur,
Hic petiit flammis ſidera, & alter Aquis.

Carolus Fraſer, T. C.

TAndem Britannos qui diu torſit polos
Læto triumphans omine,
Confractus annis, & labaſcens viribus,
Succumbit Atlas ponderi;
Orbes reſidunt, priſtinóque tramite,
Fulcro cadente, deviant.
Olympus alto contremiſcit vertice,
Et vis Britanna concidit.
Sed nec Cometes ſymbolum irati Jovis
Puro coruſcans æthere,
Nec quaſſa tellus, aut mota montium juga
Grande hoc malum prædixerant;
Leve id, ruinam Terra ſi tantùm hanc gemit;
Ipſum ecce Cœlum condolet:
Æther &, acri qui modò rigeſcens gelu
Alto ſtupore torpuit,
Poſt fata, vitæ & diſſoluta ſtamina
Ducis *Georgî* nobilis,
Mœrore tandem maximo prænubilus
Largis liqueſcit imbribus.
At ut ruinis his opem citam ferat
(Vota ô ſecundent Cœlites!)

Par ſuſtinendis orbibus Britannicis
Succedat alter Hercules.

Mylbourne, Aul. Pemb.

ÆTernùm Veneres lepidæ, ſoccíque valete,
Quæque olet exhauſtos Muſa faceta cados.
Sola etenim poſthàc edent ſuſpiria Vates,
Et Natura gravi concinet ipſa choro.
Sic fatum fera fata premunt, ſic funera funus;
Diráque adhuc tepidos excipit urna rogos.
Haud manes, Regina, tuos placaverat orbis,
Cùm nova non ſiccas opprimit unda genas.
Síccine qui Scoticas fregit, novus Hannibal, Alpes?
Sic *Batavæ* terror gentis inermis obit?
Num referet nullos facili de pace triumphos?
Sed bello indomitum Parca Togata premet?
Qui populi avertit, quin & tua, CAROLE, Fata,
Credere fas illum non potuiſſe mori,
Statorem Libitina tulit niſi fortè Latinum,
Et dedit intrepidas Marſpiter ipſe manus.

Turner Coll. Ch.

QUis leget hoc ſiccis oculis lacrymabile carmen,
Dum Tua mœremus, Dux illuſtriſſime, Fata?
Quiſnam adeò oblitus patriæ, regníque, Tuíque,
Ut Ducis ad tumulum lacrymarum flumina ſiſtat?

Teſſellata

Teſſellata manent homines quàm gaudia luctu!
Dum *Torrintonii* canimus ſponſalia læti,
Plangimus en ſubitò triſtes Epicedia *Patris*.
Heu! tantum meritò fatis licuiſſe dolemus;
Saltem illud nobis decus indulſiſſe fruendum
Debuerant ultrà Superi, nec jam pia vota
Spreviſſe, & motos mœſto de pectore planctus.
En! tandem invidiam Divorum puſtula penſat
Vulgari letho & repetito funere plebis;
Huic adeò poterant illuſtri parcere vitæ.
At Tibi non tumulos vani (Dux Magne) paramus;
Forſitan & crebri glacientur flumina luctûs,
Et lacrymis concreta exurgent marmora noſtris.

Joannes Ombler, A.M. *C. C. C. Soc.*

REginæ tacitò lacrymis & Funere functus,
En! tandem luctûs ad nova penſa vocor.
Nec minùs (*Henriettæ* manes ignoſcite ſacri)
GEORGIUS (heu!) lacrymas poſcit & Ipſe meas.
Nam ſi veſtra licet (Divi) componere facta,
Tu vitam CAROLO, Dux ſua ſceptra dedit.

Idem.

GEORGIUS MONKE *Dux de* Aumarle.

ANAGRAMMA:

Regem ego reduxi Anº Sa. MDCLVV.

Præclarus quantam nobis tulit iſte ſalutem
Annus, quo Tu fis Dux, Carolúſque *Redux!*

CÆſaris Auguſtos Vates cantare triumphos
Deſinat Aonius, vel quas victricia gentes

Æmathii Regis ſtraviſſe audivimus arma:
Non eſt, quòd ſteriles Libyæ peragremus arenas,
Aut Nili viſamus aquas, Geticóſve receſſus:
Non eſt, quòd victos Parthos, domitóſve Suëvos
Cantemus: Cùm larga ſatis (ſeu fulmina Martis
Dicere, ſeu libeat Pacis ſcrutarier artes
Ignotas) Patrii dent argumenta Penates,
Cúmque domi æterno peragantur carmine digna.
Noſtra etenim nullum produxit degener ætas
MONKÆO vel Marte parem, vel pace priorem.
Fixa Caledoniis victricia caſtra pruinis,
Cæſorúmque addens cumulos glacialis Ierne,
Quantus erat, quanta ac Illi vis bellica, teſtes:
Anglia quòd vigeat, CAROLO quòd Sceptra paterna
Reddita, vicinum quòd læta Britannia Belgam
Deſpiciat, ſolus Dux eſt *Aumarlius* Author.
Inclyta cui totum ſpargatur Fama per orbem
Nunquam digna mori; noménq; GEORGIUS Anglis
Sit Divos inter renovato jure Penates.

Guil. Lewis, A. M. *Coll. Jeſu Soc.*

JAm ſtat Pompeius quaſi Magni nominis umbra,
Et Cæſar meritò, Te Duce, nullus erit;
Orbis concutitur tantùm hoc ſub pondere, ſed Te
Alterius mundi ſentiet axis onus.

Regi & Diis charus cecidit Dux noſter, & uno
Vulnere jam *Lacheſis* læſit utrumque Jovem,
Nè poſſet Superûm fulmen meruiſſe ſecundum,
Fœmina diviſum cum Jove numen habet.

Ferrea

Ferrea belligeri cùm clauſit limina Jani,
Et quicquid dignum fulmine, ſtravit humi,
Præteritos cum laude dies numeravit, & annos,
Nec jam poſt fatum gloria ſera venit;
MONCKIUS in ſella volitat ſuper aſtra curuli,
Ut fiat CAROLO Conſul ubique ſuo.

Guil. Baldwin, A.M. *T. C. S.*

QUid miſeros urgent repetito vulnere Parcæ?
Quid luctus renovant ingeminántque novos?
Diris unde manus fatis tam certa nocendi?
Quónam uſque hæc ſeries continuata mali?
Non ſatis ut ſpolient Anglos virtute *Mariæ*,
Ni prorſus Regni Robur, & arma ruant?
At quid ego crebris pergo indulgere querelis,
Et miſer iratis imputo fata Deis?
Eſt, ubi in aëriis *Cromwellia* turba vehiclis
Errantes, vitâ facta priore luunt:
Illic attonitos crudelis conſcia culpæ
Mens habet, & ſurdo verbere ſæva ferit:
Huc ubi pervenit *Mariæ* ſpiritus Almæ,
Debita virtuti Regna ſuperna petens.
Stant contrà ſtaríque jubent: Reverentia nulla eſt,
Sed ſolitus reſtat nunc feritatis amor:
Illa impar numero, fidíque ſatellitis orba,
Quid facerent miſeræ turba moleſta, rogat:
Omnes conveniunt hilares, iterúmque Tribunal
Sanguineum Judex ſcandit iniquus ovans,

Exoſus

Exosus Reges tremulæ scelus omne minatur,
Et quæ perpessus cunque Maritus erat.
GEORGIUS hoc vidit, dedignatúsque videre,
Protinus aërias gestit adire domos;
Nobilis irâ animus fervens, ergastula parvi,
Non malè festinus, corporis arcta fugit;
Currit in auxilium velox: Manésque ruinâ,
Quàm quondam vivos, non leviore quatit:
Ac veluti *Phœbus* coëuntes lumine nubes,
Sævos nudato strenuus ense fugat:
Hoc Duce carpit iter Regina: En! Janua cœli
Panditur; Angelico stat comitata choro.
GEORGIUS Herôum socius, nec segnior umbra,
Cœlestis lustrat limina sacra domûs:
Mirantur Superi: Venienti cedit *Apollo*,
Gestit & illustri Mars minor ire Duce.

At Tu deliciæ nostræ, Celsissime *Princeps*,
Imperii quamvis magna columna cadat;
Da veniam, ut Tanto sit tuta Satellite Mater;
Non potuit causâ nobiliore mori.

Jo. Lord, A. B. *Coll. Jes.*

In Serpentem à Sancto GEORGIO *devictum.*

CAppadocis frustrà memorantur facta GEORGI;
Fama Duci nostro convenit illa magis.

Hæresis

THRENODIA.

Hæreſis eſt Serpens, captiva Eccleſia Virgo,
Quam ſcopulo affixam liberat enſe ſuo.

Chriſtoph. Hatton, Commenſ. Coll. Jeſu,
Equitis Aurati Filius.

JAm pergas fatum, fruſtrà eſt majora minari,
Sat ſenſit vires Terra Britanna tuas.
Jam via lata patet; Decus & Tutamen in armis
Occidit; & quam det miles inermis opem?
Marte Tuo Batavos, Dux inclyte, vicimus acres,
Quódque magìs mirum eſt, æquore pugna fuit.
Viciſti Scotos, ſupra omnia, & Albion enſi
Bellica gens *velum* ſubdidit ipſa Tuo.
Proh dolor, at tandem laſſo, gravidóque triumphis
Pulvinar capiti dat Libitina Tuo.
Splendidus aſtrorum obſtupuit chorus omnis ab alto,
Sidus in occaſum dum Boreale ruit.
Te velut amiſſum cur ploret noſtra, GEORGI,
Anglia? cur mœſtas defluat in lacrymas?
Quem gemit extinctum, vivit jam duplice vitâ;
Laus Ejus terras occupat, Ille polum.

Jac. Clerke, Coll. Regal. Soc.

VIciſti, meruiſti, & regna minora dediſti;
Jam Tibi, Te potuit qui dare digna, dedit.

E. Bathurſt, Coll. Trin.

Carmen

Carmen Lapidarium.

ATtende, quisquis es, Viator,
Hîc jacent cineres Numinis Tutelaris
Orbis Britannici,
Cujus impetum sustinere
Nè tota quidem ausa est
Fanaticorum rebellis manus.
Ad cujus obitum ipsa expalluit Victoria,
Utpote probè conscia, Illo mortuo,
Non adeò liquidos se habitura Triumphos;
Cujus prudentiâ *Conventiculi* tyrannici
Artes elusæ sunt:
Cujus Generosum pectus
(Cùm rerum summis potiebatur)
Nón imperii illecebræ, non Coronæ splendor,
Unà cum trium regnorum tergeminis honoribus
A fide Regi debitâ
Dimovere poterant.
En egregiam virtutis Hyberbolen!
Nè quidem regnandi causâ jus
Violandum censuit:
En divinioris prærogativæ participem!
Quippe per Quem Reges regnant, Principésque
Anglicani justitiam decernent
In omne ævum.
En Numinis Archetypum,
Cujus virtute resurrectionem vidimus
Regiminis Monarchici:

Sanctus

THRENODIA.

Sanctus GEORGIUS, Hercules Anglicanus
Hydram Fanaticam,
Belluam multorum capitum
Interfecit, obtruncavit.
En ſummum Gloriæ militaris apicem!
Devictis terrâ marique hoſtibus,
Nè otio langueſceret,
Novum inſtituit iter ad cœlos,
Quos ſacrâ aggreditur violentiâ,
Et more expugnat ſuo:
Ubi inter omnes retrolapſi ſeculi Heroas
Æternos agit Triumphos.

Carminis ſoluti Apologeticum.

FOrma meos neglecta decet (Dux Magne) dolores,
Agnoſcit nullos Nænia noſtra modos.
Intumuit flumen, toto ſpatiatur in agro:
Cùm nôrunt ſuetas flumina parva vias.
Veſtibus incedit laceris, & crine ſoluto
Præfica, diſſimile eſt luctibus artis opus.
Tranſiit Herculeas cùm illuſtris Fama columnas,
Nec fixa eſt Geſtis ultima terra Tuis:
Æſtuat infelix anguſto limite Muſa,
Compedibus metri dum jacet implicita.
Dum querulas fundit voces nullo ordine Muſa,
Præ damno facta eſt Enthea, mentis inops.

Joſephus Carr, Coll. Div. Joan. Commenſal.

Arma Virumq; tenet, quam conspicis urna, Viator,
Restituit justâ qui tria regna morâ.
Quem rabies tardum, vocat Hunc sapientia cautum,
Nam lento incedunt corpora magna gradu.
Tanta ruina jubet veterem renovare dolorem,
Vivere nunc vero nomine (crede) mori est.
Funera tot nobis Tua sunt monumenta relictis,
Subduntur bustis nostra sepulcra Tuis.
Quum prior orsus eras gentem formare superbam,
Intonuit lævùm Juppiter acta probans:
Attoniti hæserunt, tacti quasi fulminis ictu,
Quotquot polluti sanguine Regis erant.
Exulat en pietas, clamant, virtúsque, fidésque
Nobiscum fugiunt: vos gravis ira manet.
Cuíque Deum sermone colunt, sed pectore temnunt,
Senserunt longas nil valuisse preces.
Pulpita, falsorum velut olim orac'la Deorum,
Fraudibus acta piis, Te veniente, silent.
Ut vires metuêre Tuas Polus alter, & alter?
Ut cecidit miseris conscia turba modis?
Illud grande Tuum (taceo nunc cætera) Nomen
Terribile est cunctis gente vel arte Scotis.
Agmina profligat quoscunque inimica tenebant,
Militiæ Batavos, Schismaticósque domi.
Nulla salus bello, non portubus otia clausis,
Quum Monachus medias classe secabat aquas.
Corde magis, toto divisis orbe Britannis,
Quàm pelago, pacem vis Tua fida dedit.
Nec voluit longum Regni caput esse Senatum,
(Trojani forsan Cauda vocentur equi)
Sed gladii vinctos, & mentis acumine duxit,
Ut mala, quæ meruit crimine, quisque ferat.

Qui

Qui ſe pro Dominis, habuit pro ſuribus illos,
Ut quibus eſt meritum, ſit quoque finis, idem.
Fortior es meliórne, ſit id ſub judice; certum
Hoc unum eſt, nemo fortior, aut melior.
Qualia damna facit gens Te moriente? —ſed ipſe
Conſultò lacrymis parco, nec erro, meis.
Flent, qui pauca dolent; *Eſt quædam flere voluptas*,
Nè minùs ipſe *gemam*, ſit mihi *flere* nefas.

Arth. Orchard, Coll. Div. Joh. Soc.

ERgò ſollicitant alios nova funera luctus?
Et geminant ictus invida fata ſuos?
At nos credidimus *Mariæ* poſt funera, vires
Conſumpſiſſe omnes fata vel ipſa ſuas.
Credidimus miſeri; ſed nec ſatis una ruina eſt;
Vel primâ gravior plaga ſecunda venit.
Una Ducem nobis rapuit Sors, una *Mariam*;
Illa ſuos luctus attulit; Ille ſuos.
Dicite nunc utrùm *numero Deus impare gaudet*;
Cùm neque, ſi veniat Sola, *Maria* placet.
At vos lethales, quibus obrutus occidit, undæ,
Quæ poſſit tantum lympha piare ſcelus?
Sit jam luctus hydrops, cauſámque imitante dolore
Flete oculi; atque undas expiet unda ſuas:
Funere communi quondam totum obruit orbem
Unda; tamen majus nunc fuit auſa nefas.
Ergò fatale eſt: ſemper cadit æquore *Phœbus*;
Occidit in propriis Sol quoque Noſter aquis.

Jámque vale dicto, vultúque annóque sereno,
Edidit hos moriens, ultima verba, sonos.
En! post innumeros terráque marique triumphos,
Terra suum Dominum Me vocat, unda suum.
Infernos vici Reges, cùm nuper ab orco,
Et redii Stygiis, Herculis instar, aquis.
Quando igitur terræque, undæque, ac Tartara, regna
Imperiis parent interiora meis;
Astra manent adeunda Mihi; Me sidera poscunt,
Aucta modò adventu, *Diva Maria*, Tuo.
Ergò triumphali vectus super æthera curru,
Ad cœlos venio, *Diva Maria*, Tuos.
Pluto Stygi, ponto Neptunus, Juppiter astris,
Imperiis præsunt Numina terna tribus:
Sed quantò major fuit unus MONCHIUS, unus
Regnorum tulerat qui tria Sceptra trium?

Humfr. Newbery, Coll. Regal. Soc.

JAnus qui elapsum ac præsentem conspicit annum,
Causam, cur vultu ploret utroque, videt:
Hâc Regis *Matrem* sublatam luce, sed Illâ,
Quem Reducis placuit dicere, fronte, *Patrem*;
Cujus cùm vellet luctum persolvere pompæ,
Lætitiæ jussit, quam dedit, esse parem.
Sic, ah! Lethæis moriens illabitur undis?
Tandem infida Ducem dant elementa neci?
Qui siccus toties emersérat æquoris undis,
Hydropis tandem naufragus amne perit?

Immo,

Immo, cutis tumuit venturi conſcia Fati;
Vena labaſcenti præfica quæque fuit.
Exundans lacrymis pullata Britannia triſte
Diluvium, pariter, Dux, Tua Fata, timet.
Quiſque ſagum ſumat lateri, pereunte Gradivo,
Horridior ſolito jam quoque miles eat.
Iratus ſtimulante Noto det ſibila ſerpens,
Jam lacrymis ſurdùm tympana mœſta ſonent.
Et donec ſurgat, bene parcas, buccina, voci,
Turmas nunc ſegnes haud animare vales.
Tu, Rex Magne, Ducem ſic grato munere vince,
Hunc te cùm regno reſtituiſſe ferant;
Aſt Illum, proprio decores dum funera ſumptu,
Officiis tantis inclyte, redde polo.

Epitaphium.

OCcidit hîc jubaris *Carolini* Phoſphorus, Aulæ
Splendor, Militiæ gloria, Pacis honos,
Belli fulmen, amor Patriæ, Virtutis alumnus,
Cleri fulcimen, Relligionis apex.

Edv. Goodall, Coll. Regal. Soc.

QUas Tibi devoti cives pro Rege renato,
Summe Ducum, grates? quæ pia justa dabunt?
Queis licuit per Te CAROLO dixisse salutem,
Hi Tibi sustineant dicere triste vale?
Dignus eras post tot pelagi bellique tumultus,
Ut caperent finem vitáque lauíque parem.
Pugnâsti, Dux Magne, domi, &, Te milite, nostras
Senserunt Batavi prævaluisse manus.
Quàm malè respondent atræ solennia pompæ
Victori, ad funus purpuráque apta Tuum.
O si Victor adhuc! nec laurum mœsta cupressus
Vinceret, aut premeret palmam inimica dies!
Talis es, in cineres quem tam gravis intulit hora,
Qui *Tua*, dum moreris, *Publica* busta facis.
Sic Patriæ vixisse juvet, cùm funus & umbram
Plorat, & emeritum Patria tota Ducem.
Sit licèt ambiguum quis plus Tibi debeat uni,
CAROLUS aut populus, certus utrique dolor.
Fila tamen vitæ car Fata fine ense recidunt?
Ad laudes faciet mors quoque ficca Tuas;
Cúmque Duces Ducibus, Tibi non hæc ultima laus est
Nullius in terris occubuisse manu.
Palma Triumphales si parvula vendicat arcus,
Victorem minimum si monumenta manent,
Quas Tibi Pyramidas condemus, vindice ferro
Servili solvis Qui tria Regna jugo.

THRENODIA.

In Obitum Ducis non diu poſt mortem Reginæ Matris in Gallia.

USque adeo Gallæ eſt imitatrix Anglia gentis?
Cognato pereunt Dúxque Parénſque rogo?
Sumit, ut hinc habitus, nova Fata Britannia? veſtes
Pullatæ, metuo, & funera, moris erunt.

Fa. Linfield, Trin. Coll.

FLamma ſuper *Londinum* aſſultibus ardua venit,
Regnans pérq; hominum culmina, pérq; Deûm.
Stella malo præerat: cœlo ægrotante coorta eſt,
Quæ tantam aggeſſit ſtragem, inimica lues.
Nunc cùm pullati ſequimur Tua funera MONCKI,
Barbam alere in tantis luctibus aſtra decet.
En Bellator equus ſingultibus ilia longis
Tenditur, & lacrymis grandibus ora madet:
Progreditur mœſtus, verſíſque exercitus armis,
Exequias magni quos Ducis ire putes.
Quantum, Summe Pater, quantúmque Britannia perdis
Præſidium! & quantas terra recondit opes!
Huic vigor, atque animus magnos accinctus in uſus,
Multáque pro Domino Cæſare cura vigil:
Primus apex bellorum, & nulli proxima caſſis,
Seu pedes, acrem ſeu preſſerit altus equum.
Nec toties laſſata habuit Fortuna regreſſum,
Sed, quod non alio ſub Duce, fida fuit.

Juverna

Juverna exululans patriâ caput abdidit ulvâ,
Ille ut concussit, turbinis instar, agros:
Sic cùm tempestas cœlo ruit agmen aquarum,
Assolet in putri Rana palude queri.
Arctoas, Scoto cupiente, accepit habenas;
Nominis hoc aliis fàrque supérque foret:
Actum Illi nihil est, frangat nisi milite portas,
Et possit latam Regi aperire viam.
Famâ Ingens! cui Rex solium proavitáque Regna,
Cui Regem acceptum terra Britanna refert:
Haud solùm terra, in manibus pars altera rerum est,
Dum fœtis bello navibus æquor arat.
Bis ferro Batavos sequitur, flammáque carinas,
Fulmineis terebrans pinea claustra globis.
Tantum de nobis meruit licèt, omnia necdum
Solvuntur; Patriæ vivere debuerat.
Bellatori animo tu pax ingloria letho es;
Languenti insidèrent vitam animámque tubæ:
Ceu tinnitus apes, asperrima corda, reducit;
Defunctum poterant æra ciere virum.
At, quo apibus motus animorum, & prælia, jactu
Púlveris exigui MONCKIUS ipse jacet.

L. Welsted, Trin. Coll.

INnumeris *Monachis* quævis scatet insula, tantùm
Unus erat nobis, & satis unus erat,
Dum vixit satis unus erat; verùm hoc dolet, Illo
Dempto, nos *Monachos* non habuisse duos.

In

THRENODIA.

In DUCEM *post altas Nives extemplò morientem.*

UNda gelu nuper nimiùm constricta rigebat,
Et nivibus tellus undique tecta fuit.
Te vultum extincto mutat natura priorem,
In lacrymásque abiens ad Tua busta ruit.
Temnit terra nives, defuncto Principe Tanto,
Tam nitidè ornari judicat esse nefas:
Et Tua nè non sat fleat Anglia funera, Olympus
Ipse suis pluviis officiosus adest.
En! quàm charus eras Terris? quàm charus & Astris?
Quem sic amissum mundus uterque dolet.

T. Lynford, Coll. Chr.

PRosequimur planctu Heröem, qui Numine fausto,
Mendax quæ finxit Græcia, facta dedit.
Herculeâ, cujus gladio, non mitior hydra,
Multorum capitum bellua, victa jacet.
Evasit, *Perseu*, Te vindice, salva, tremendo
Andromede monstro præda parata maris.
Perseus, *Hic*, Noster: gens illa Britannica virgo est:
Nympha nec in Pelagi pulchrior ulla sinu:
Hæc Duce sub nostro fauces elusit hiantis,
Sanguine quæ Regis nec satiata, feræ.
Virgineáque fide pollens Ecclesia, quòd sit,
Hujus ab auspiciis, quódque refulget, habet.

Omnia, cunctando minimùm, sed cuncta tegendo,
Restituit, *Fabio* nè minor indè foret.
Nempe dedit reducem nobis, sub Numine, Regem:
Quo jam majus habent vota precésque nihil.
Quin siccos (mirúmne magis pulchrúmne!) triumphos
Sanguine non gladium commaculante, tulit.
Nec titulum invideat, cui Rex non invidet, ullus,
Civis dum Patriæ dicitur esse Pater.
Æmulus Herois Sancti sic, monstra domando,
Cujus gaudebat nomine, laude nitet:
Ætas ut meritò dubitârit posterа, Divus
An Tutelaris, noster, an alter erat.

Ol. Dorley, Coll. Regal. Soc.

QUisquámne hæc tantùm vulgari funera fletu
Excipit? aut siccis pompam comitatur ocellis?
Exundent lacrymæ; miseris vix sufficit humor
Libandus cineri tanto: mihi carmina luctus
Expressit, lacrymæque suos, corpore relicto,
Extorquere valent, præsénsque dolentia versus.
Quòd si magnorum fuerit seges ampla virorum,
Defunctóve parem si fortè reponeret urna;
Sive aliquis, quum paulatim defecerit Atlas,
Sustentare polos (nutantia pondera rerum)
Auderétque humeris ruituro occurrere cœlo;
Spes poterat superesse malis, damnóque superstes
Auxilium nostras iterum sarcire ruinas.
Assyrius qualis redivivo funere Phœnix,
Natales ubi triste rogos implevit aroma,

Ipsâ

Ipsâ morte ferax, proprióque cruore rigatus
Exsilit è flammis, gaudétque superstite fato.
Ludimur heu! frustrà, perituráque vota movemus
Attoniti; nullis unquam reparanda querelis
Funera, nec vanos finxit Fortuna timores.
Quanta Tuis meritis debetur gloria, quanta
Virtutis momenta tuis crevêre sub annis!
Te vixdum Juvenem levibus victoria pennis
Sustulit, & famæ dederat præsaga futuræ
Prima rudimenta, & teneros exercuit annos.
Non hunc deliciæ molles fregêre, laboris
Impatiens luxus, demptæ nec crimine vires.
Non timor exsanguis pallentis conscia culpæ
Pectora laxavit, nec pigro crapula morbo
Interrupit opus, cœptis dum sedulus instat.
Quid memorem strages, quas perfida sensit Iernè?
Sive Caledonios, quos Hic eluserit, æstus?
Bis domitos Belgas taceo, dibaphúmque cruore
Oceanum, atque animos ipsa cum classe fugatos.
Quid fremis incassùm Leo Belgice? parce triumphis,
Parce minis. Hujus jam cognita tempora laurus
Ambitiosa petit, non unquam ignara repulsæ.
Nec vinci nimiùm doleas; sub Numine Tanto
Quòd pereas, gaudere decet, victórque pudorem
Imminuit, fatóque cadens majore resurgis.
Hector adest, secúmque Deos in prælia ducit,
Cui pietas vexilla levat, clypeíque refulget
Relligio, gladióque regit; comitatur euntem
Virtutum veneranda cohors; Prudentia comis,
Intemerata Fides, placidóque Modestia vultu
Incedunt. Nunquam tristis Bellona fugavit
Justitiam, in mediis pietatem exercuit armis.

Hic status, hi mores, hic nobilis ardor honesti;
Quem neque destiterat studiis Constantia pulchris
Fulcire, & lentas dederat Patientia vires.
Hic Ille inprimis, cui Dii matura secundi
Consilia, atque animo rerum momenta reponunt.
Viderat oppressos cives, legésque refixas
Arbitrio Plebis, movit quam dira Tyrannis,
Et rabies malesana, atque insscia pectora justi.
Viderat (& lacrymis paulùm compresserat iram)
Proscriptum Regem, & proceres, ipsósque nocendi
Artifices pompâ insigni contemnere jura,
Et quicquid sacrum est pedibus calcare profanis:
Hoc mihi tempus, ait, jamjam properemus, & unà
Pugnemus ducibus Divis, cœlóque favente.
Hic Ille est, nobis CAROLUM qui reddidit, Ipsi
Sceptra dedit CAROLO; satius cui regna dedisse
Quàm regnâsse fuit; cui sordet crimine parta
Gloria, & indignos qui audet spreviſſe triumphos.
Privatæ non sunt in tanto funere curæ:
Hunc Patriæ communis amor, Patriæque Parentis
Prosequitur mœrens: quantum est à Principe Tanto
Plorari! hæc lacrymis maduerunt marmora veris.
Nec *Tamesis* tantùm parcas accommodat undas,
Sed *Rhenus*, *Scaldisque*, citis & *Mosa* fluentis.
Huic olim infensi, placidâ jam mente Batavi,
Immortalem adeò factis, famáque perennem
Mirantur potuisse mori.---

Sed quid ego has amens nequicquam fundo querelas?
Vidimus antè hujus languentis stamina vitæ,
Quum tremulus pendebat amor, majoráq; veris
Fingebat timor, & vana sub imagine ludens.

Seu

Seu vidiſſe juvat quantis hæc funera conſtent
Luctibus, immenſóque parent nos antè dolori:
Seu rigidæ oſtendunt longo certamine Parcæ
Vix tandem potuiſſe capi. Cadit Ille triumphus
Ætheris, atque labor: Qualis ſtat montibus ornus
Fixa diu, ridens vacui ſuſpiria venti;
Aëreum quatit illa caput, condítque ſuperba
Nubibus; hanc quum fortè tamen manus invida tentat
Securam, aut ſævâ aggreditur violare bipenni;
Innumeros quamvis validè duravit ad ictus
Sublimes concuſsa comas, tandem illa ſupremùm
Ingemit, antiquæ cadit & mox gloria ſylvæ.

Fran. Bridge, A. M. *Trin. Coll. Soc.*

LUctibus, & largo celebres jam funera fletu,
Melpomene, lacrymíſq; oculi ceu flumine manent:
Interea at taceas, elegos nec garrula tentes.
Non levibus calamis, duri ſed cuſpide ferri
Digna magìs ſcribi, quæ Dux diſcrimina paſſus,
Ardua tot geſſit cùm prælia: Talia fari
Non poterunt tenui deducta Poëmata filo.

Florentis ramum ſi Pax oſtentet Olivæ,
Grata quidem Regnis, doctis pergrata Camœnis;
Conſilio Illius prudente Britannia floret,
Mulcetúrq; domi rabies maleſana Popelli.
Infeſta Anglorum paci Gens extera bellum
Si tentet, ſævâſque acies in prælia cogat;
Acrior ad pugnam redit Ille, reſuſcitat ira

Vires,

Vires, & lauri victricia tempora cingunt:
Sic hostem dum Marte premit, regit arte Senatum,
Lauro ejus multum, multum debemus Olivæ,
Quæ Anglos, *Regalem Quercum* mediámq; tuentur.
Ergò etiam, vivens vinci qui nescius armis,
Et morbo & letho timidè succumbere nescit;
Tetrica fata instant; fatis nec territus Ille,
Nec mortem metuit, sed amicis excipit ulnis:
Quémque datis (dixit) mihi, Vos, ô Numina, prenso
In cœlos aditum; in terris sat magna peregi.

Occidit (heu) nigris CAROLINUS Phosphorus umbris,
Præsidium Regis, Procerûm, Populíque voluptas,
GEORGIUS en Alter, nulli tamen Ipse secundus.
Qui, cùm Belgarum ferrúmque, ignémque, ratésque
Sustinuit toties, toties maris ire per undas
Ausus, & impavidus densis obsistere turmis,
Atque Anglos penitùs fudit stravítque rebelles,
Ignava imbellis non sustinet otia vitæ,
Pace sed occumbit, non expugnabilis armis.

R. Manlove, A. M. Magd. Coll. Soc.

NOndum depositit pullatas Anglia Vestes,
Funera Reginæ jam vix eluximus, atros
Cùm, Libitina, jubes iterum renovare dolores.
Turbidus ergò Helicon lacrymarum flumine semper
Manabit? scribéntque æterna Epicedia Musæ?
Heu! jacet Occiduus nostro jam Phosphorus orbi,
Qui Solem Angliacum dextrâ victrice reduxit,

Restituítque

Reſtituítque Throno, ſphæráque locavit avitâ.
Opprimet hæc Clades te totam, Europa; ruinis
Indoleat Gens quæque gemens noſtríſque, ſuíſque,
Non, MONKÆE, tuis. Tibi Adorea fumat opima,
Pellæíque Ducis quæ Cæſareóſque triumphos
Exſuperet, famæ mentitâ voce tumentes.
Non Tibi quadrupedis, GEORGI, picta ora Draconis
Ornabunt tumulum, ſed centum preſſa Tyrannûm
Cauda furens, celſo Eclipſin tractura Monarchæ.
Nos dubitamus adhuc, an plus Tibi debeat Uni
CAROLUS, an Populus. Regimen ſub pondere nutans,
Fluctibus Euripi & concuſſa hæc inſula, Delos
Jam facta horrendo *Cromwelli* mobilis æſtu,
Ad Te Magnetem Pacis converſa potentem
Fixa Polo ſtabat, placidæque potita quietis.
Qualis Atlas vaſtum circumplectentibus Orbem
Fert humeris, tria ſic ſulſiſti, Maxime, Regna.
Hæc, Te (proh dolor!) erepto, labefacta redirent
In *Chaos* antiquum, niſi CAROLUS ipſe ſuperſtes
Herculeis noſtrum ſulciret viribus Axem.
Sed Ducis atratam ſequimur dum fletibus urnam,
Ecce albis iterum radiis ſplendeſcit Horizon,
Plauſtráque conſpicias picti per inania Cœli,
Nuper ut in Terris, & adhuc Carolina ſequentem.

Ro. Crayford, Coll. Gon. & Caii.

In Ducem, qui paulò poſt mortem Papæ *obiit.*

SÆva ſibi innumeros cumulat Libitina Triumphos,
Ut Dea diſcupiens ambitioſa coli.

Sede-

Sede suâ Papam, tum nostrum Heroa *Cathedrâ*
Ejicit: id magnum, majus at istud opus.
Ut sibi soli esset Cœli Terræque potestas,
Claves Papæ aufert Mors, *gladiúmque* Duci.

F. Warly, A. C. S.

TErrita cùm sævis Academia abortiit armis,
Suppositа in gremium barbara turba fuit:
O quàm Te memorem, assertor fortissime MONCKI!
Quàm Tua proscriptas hasta redemit opes!
Nulla duarum audita foret, nec visa Sororum,
His si dotales Mars rapuisset agros.
Fas igitur, cujus semper debebitur armis
Quòd sua non plorent funera, flere Tua.

L. Welsted, Trin. Coll.

ERgóne sic nostræ voluerunt Numina gentis
Tam sævas refovere iras? Ergò insula rursus
Tam subitò in lacrymas luctu gemitúque liquescit?
Parcite vos Superi; Si fortè Britannia lætis
Non moderata animum rebus, renovare dolores
Cogemur miseri, repetitáque plangere fata?
Hei mihi, quòd scelera & noxas furiásque rebelles
Haud satis eluimus densatâ clade: Sed anni
Festa vocant, solitæque dapes, animósque voluptas
Sueta capit, Janíque redit nova pompa Calendis;

Cùm

THRENODIA.

Cùm Dux, imperio fortunæ major, ad aras
Victima, conturbat genios & gaudia luctu.
Nos miseri, qui hinc ad Superos Heroa receptum
Antea credidimus potuisse obsistere fatis,
Immitésque unum trinas superare Sorores.
Non tamen omnino terris mors atra valebit
Tollere, quas posuit virtus MONCEA, columnas;
Æternùm at florens decus, & per secula totum
Fama Ducis, Fato major, se sparget in orbem.

Joh. Bird, Trin. Coll.

Apotheosis Illustrissimi GEORGII *Ducis* ALBÆMARLÆ.

NObile depositum, Dux Invictissime, Cœli
Deseris indignas excusso pondere terras;
Et Cœlum repetis, cognatáque sidera lætus;
At neque sic tandem evades; Non effugis omnis,
Insequor ipse premens Animæ vestigia tantæ:
Ecce! Tui memorem pietas gratissima jussit
Ætheream reserare plagam, atque habitacula Divûm.
Aëreos extra tractus, atque ordine certo
Volventes Terras, densæque palatia Noctis
Est Regio solidâ atque immensâ luce nitescens,
Quæ pace æternâ fruitur cum sole perenni.
Huc rectà tendebat iter generosa Britanni
Heroïs mens nota polis, populóque Beato:
Quippe Senatores Genii, quibus Anglia curæ est,

Hîc loca pro meritis cuique assignare ferentur,
Hîc templum posuisse suum, coetúsque frequentes
Hîc agere, atque suæ tractare negotia Gentis.
Cùm tanti adventûs volitásset fama per oras
Ætheris, & limen tetigisset MONCKIUS altum,
Surrexêre omnes, intentíque ora tenebant
In magnum Heroëm, — — —
Ex his & formâ & solio præstantior unus
Sic illum aggressus, Chare ô Commilito! dixit,
O socie! ô nostris gratissime sedibus Hospes!
Ille ego sum (nè te insoliti Reverentia vultûs
Terreat) ille ego sum quem grata Britannia vestra
Tutorem agnoscit Genium, celebrátque quotannis;
GEORGIUS appellor (tum protinus irruit arctos
In Magni Ducis amplexus, rapidísque levatis
Heroëm manibus circumfluit ille recentem,)
Expectatus ades (sic tandem perficit ors)
Quem dixêre suum supremus & infimus Orbis:
Angelus in terris Custos, interque Beatos
Non novus ascriptus Civis, tibi mille salutes,
Mille tibi lætus grates impertior, (inquit)
Et de confecto tibi gratulor Ipse Dracone:
Quem solum probitate piâ cataphractus, & usus
Moribus antiquis stravisti sanditus Ipse.
Hæc sibi constantis miracula plurima mentis,
Hoc dextræ sapientis opus numerosius omne
Exequar, ô liceat recolenti singula plenè
Dicere, & æquali Tua carmine facta referre:
Nempe reformando & ducendo in milite quanta,
Cauta, quieta, sagax, fortis prudentia fulget:
Quanta recusati generosa Modestia Regni
Privato oblati, dum Te movet unica totum

Charior

THRENODIA.

Charior injuſtis probitas Tibi mille Coronis:
Quanta Tibi patrii Reverentia juſta Senatûs?
Quanta animi tibi flamma, Suis ut debitus Hæres
Accedat Regnis, Sceptríſque fruatur avitis?
Hæc Tua ſunt, ingens mihi carminis Argumentum.
Dixerat, & tanquam meditatus grandia paulùm
Subſtitit, at ſubito & denſo clangore tubarum
Percuſſus ſiluit, pérque omnem exile Senatum
Exoritur murmur, reboántque palatia longè:
Nec mora, panduntur ſublimes undique portæ,
Tum longè latéque Animarum turma coruſcans,
Solenni gravitate, atque ordine ducta decoro
Ingreditur, complétque locum: turma exhibet illos,
Qui (gliſcente acie civili) habuêre beatum
Pro patriâ, pro Rege mori, qui poplite flexo,
Intenſáque manu Noſtro omnia fauſta precantur:
Illos non longè inſequitur gravis ordo Togatûm,
Qui ſtrictis calamis, denſóque volumine bellum
Moverunt, ſummáque animi patientiâ: at omnes
Avocat extemplò mentéſque oculóſque refulgens
Inſolitus nitor extremâ de parte Theatri;
Martyris agnoſco vultum, patriæque Parentem:
CAROLUS Ipſe fuit ſacrato hoc nomine Primus
Cum Conſorte pia; cui jam redière Venuſtas
Oris, & antiquus mentis Vigor: Optimus Heros
Ad primùm aſpectos devolvitur, omnia fauſta
Pronus & omnia læta precatus, & oſcula denſa
In genua, ínque manus venerans defigit; at Illud
Nobile Par pronum attollunt, atque oſcula reddunt:
Tum Sanctus Martyr vultúque, animóque ſereno,
Amplexúſque Ducem, poſt ſacratiſſima, dixit,
Vota peracta Deo, Tibi Nos —— hæc prima Beatus

Consequitur tantus, toto plaudente Senatu,
Ut mentem reliquis haud possem advertere, & ô me
Oppressum penitùs tanti splendore Theatri!

Mich. Stanford, C.C.S.

MAgnanimum Heroem, & sêclis memorabile Nomen
Dicere jam mihi fert animus, stragésque potentûm,
Hoc Mavorte, datas. Age dic queis, Musa, triumphis
Arma virúmque canam, cœlo quem fata vocârunt
Emeritum cursu emenso, saturúmque dierum:
Scilicet hæc hominum sors est, hæc dura Potentes
Fata manent; sic magna ruunt, sic Numina rebus
Crescendi posuêre modum: Tibi terminus ævi
Hinc jam ritè datus, quando nil restitit ultrà,
Herculeas postquam famæ, Dux Magne, columnas
Contigeras; nam nec reliquo Tu clarior orbi,
Nec poteras vixisse tuis illustrior, Heros
Invicte, aut plures oculis lustrâsse triumphos.
Et tamen hoc tristem solabitur Anglia casum
Infelix, quòd Tu nullo superatus ab hoste
Occumbis; Batavorum acies, fera prælia Martis
In caput hoc potuêre nihil; sed ferreus ordo
Fatalisque dies tantâ jam morte triumphat.
Quid mihi Pellæum juvenem, quid Græcia mendax
Amphitryoniadem, geminos qui contudit angues?
Quid veterum monumenta Ducum, grandæva Vetustas,
Objicis, & victas dissectis mœnibus arces?

Hic

Hîc major ſe prodit honos, quando acer in arma
GEORGIUS ivit ovans, famámq; extendere factis
Diſcupiens, nullos firmatâ mente labores,
Excubias, curáſque, & duri tædia Belli,
Nulla minax vitæ diſcrimina ſæva refugit:
Teſtis erit Batavus; denſis concurritur armis;
Jam videas noſtros, jam rurſum vincere Belgas,
Eſtque anceps fortuna diu, victricia donec
Arma fuêre Ducis, laceráſque per æquora puppes
Occupat, & cæſo tandem Rectore triumphat.
Denique,& hoc laudum caput eſt cumulúſq; Tuarum,
Auſpiciis, Dux Magne, Tuis gratamur ovantes
Felicem CAROLO Reditum; hoc decorata trophæo
Anglia læta Tuum recinet per ſecula Nomen,
Commeritóſque Tibi æternùm perſolvet honores.

Sam. Rawling, Coll. Magd.

LIbertatis amans patriæ, petis æthera, Dive,
Quò poſſis aûrâ liberiore frui?
Pro patriâ potuiſſe mori quàm dulce! negârunt
Forſan hoc aſtra Tibi; ſed voluiſſe pium eſt.
Expiras Cathedrâ Dictator; hydropicus extas
Altera fortunis inſula nota ſuis.
Phœbo freta ſuo Delos ſic eminet undis,
Quod poſſit fluctus nec decumanus habet.
Armata approperat Pallas celebrare triumphos;
Ut volat ad tumulum turba novena tuum!
Vim Martis quoties luſiſti fortiùs inſtans,
Æquorei quoties irrita tela Dei?

Æmu-

Æmulus Ipse ipsum vincis, vinci sque cadendo;
Victis nec poteras succubuisse Deis.

Geo. Modd, Trin. Coll. Soc.

CEdite purpurei radiantia sidera cœli;
Hospiti, & Heroi, sponte parate locum.
Quod per iter Superûm scandêrunt limina quondam
Bacchus & *Alcides*, magna propago Jovis;
Dux animi celsus, pede fausto, trivit eandem
Ritè viam, tertæ monstra superba domans.
Ingemuit variis vastata *Britannia* monstris;
Seps, & Aper pressit te, generose Leo.
Sic Deus ingratæ gentis delicta pianda
Censuit, ut canibus præda lupísque foret
Rex grege cum toto, tunc Sus Calydonius agros
Involat; & miserè terra subacta jacet.
Mox Stygiis undis emergit lurida serpens,
E multo fundens ore venena nigra.
Hoc virus tenebris obduxit lumina regni,
Depascens tacitè viscera peste gravi.
Nullam cernit opem, nec spem gens concipit ægra,
Imperium dum fraus ambitióque *rotant*.
Tandem advenisti, Dux Alme, salutifer orbi,
Auspiciis cœli missus, & auctus ope.
Tu belli fulmen fueras; in gaudia verso
Horrore, arma citò nuncia pacis erant.
Expers consilii cecidit vis sæva Gigantum,
Ausi qui fuerant arma movere Jovi.

Inferni

Inferni Furias MONCHI prudentia vicit;
Hâc Duce Rex rediit, Relligióque simul.
Multiplicem belli civilis contudit Hydram
Indomitis armis, consilióque pari.
Floreat æternùm, paci sine sanguine partæ,
Laurea par, nullo tincta cruore, Ducis.
Lilia mixta rosis Ducis urnæ, & perpetuum ver,
Debita sunt, cujus pax revirescit ope.
Pax non sola redît: rediit Pietásque Fidésque;
Musarum & Charitum venit amœna cohors.
Hæ maneant, vigeant, æternâ morte sepultis
Monstris, dum radii Solis & astra micant.

Thomas Gataker, Aul. Clare.

QUantos, Summe Ducum, Tibi planctus Anglia debet
Defuncto, Vivus cui gaudia tanta tulisti?
Non lacrymas, qui Te flet verè, fundit ocellos;
Sanguineas saltem guttas Tua busta reposcunt,
Qui Patrios hostes fudisti, sanguine salvo.
Funeris ad Vestri splendorem Sidera, Tellus
Et Mare conspirant: mœstam [a] nova lumina Cœli
Scenam collustrant, tanquam funalia; lucem
Præbent, ut liquidò pateat Tibi in æthera cursus.
Læta negat Tellus, MONKO moriente, videri;
Hinc, quibus ornata est, ea vestes rejicit [b] albas,
Induit & pullos (ut debet mœsta) colores.
In lacrymas constricta gelu sese unda resolvit,
Altisono Nereus meritò Te Murmure plorat,
Pinguia cui fusè cumulâsti pabula, carnes

[a] *In hujus mortis articulo tres Soles apparebant.*

[b] *Eodem tempore nix & gelu solvebantur.*

Belgarum,

Belgarum, potúmque dedit Tua dextra cruorem.
Ipſe ſecundus eris, ſed Major, Maxime GEORGI,
Anglorum Divus, de Te majora canenda:
Ille prior fertur vitâ mulctâſſe Draconem;
At magìs horrendum virtus, Dux, veſtra ſubegit
Monſtrum; cui caput eſt, ideo quoq; lumen ademptum;
Atq; quod accendit furiis fanaticus ardor,
Hoc rabidum domuit *Moncëi* nominis horror.
GEORGIUS Angliacos Myſtas, & Templa redemit
Horrificis Monſtri peritura in faucibus atri.
Suſtulit Hic Patriæ Patrem fanatico ab igne,
Ut pius Æneas: hinc poſcat culmen Olympi,
Et famæ; eſt CAROLUS, MONKO Duce, ritè Secundus.

O. Brokesby, A. B. *T. C.*

HEu! atra quantum mors rapuit Virum!
Heröa cœlo haud tam citò debitum!
Æternitate Heröa dignum! at
Nil, mala, Te, Libitina, vitat.
O, Angliæ lux, & dolor, & decus,
Quæ te celebret Clio? ego grandia
Cantare non unquam tropæa,
Tótve Tuos potero triumphos.
Infelix at heu noſtra Britannia,
Orbata tanto militiæ Duce!
Quis nunc Iberos? aut domabit
Scotigenas malè pervicaces?
Gallos vel ipſos impete fervidos,
Per cuncta terrarum minitantibus

Alis

THRENODIA.

Alis volantes? Quíſve Belgas,
Tam cupidos freta ſubjugandi?
Quis jam labantes conſilio Patres
Firmabit autor? cæde domeſticâ
Turbam aut coërcebit furentem,
Et rabiem populi rebellem?
At Terra tantum cùm haud capiat Virum,
Sedes beatas I pete Cœlitum;
Ubi & perennem, ſerò at illam,
Dent Superi CAROLO coronam.

Bowyer, Aul. Pemb.

De Clariſſimo Duce ALBÆMARLÆ *in Cathedra moriente.*

AMphitryoniades, cùm ſenſit ſerpere virus
Per venas Centauræum, moriturus in ignes
Irruit Oetæos, cunctantia fata manere,
Atque amittendam ſpernens producere vitam.
In fato extremo Tu, Veſpaſiane, ſtetiſti;
Et verba imperio Romano digna locutus;
Ambo expirârunt genuini ut Martis alumni;
Ambo doctiloquæ meruêre encomia Muſæ.
Æquavit veſtras, & Roma, & Græcia, laudes
MONCKIUS, indigno meritis hydrope peremptus.
Illum expirantem Cathedrâ vidêre propinqui,
Non molli in lecto, aut ſtimulante dolore querelas,
Crudeles Divi! crudelia Fata! querentem.
Sic egit morte in media de morte triumphum;

Vivit & Antæo felicior Ille cadendo.
Multa sibi erexit priscâ virtute trophæa;
At facto extremo cœlos meruisse videtur.
Mortuus Alcidæ loca juncta tenebit in astris,
Qui plùs quàm Alcides, sibi fata minantia sprevit;
Ni Superûm sedes Astræa reliquerit astra.
Quem non permittit stantem violentior hydrops,
Induperatorem decet expirare sedentem.

Joh. Parker, Coll. Eman.

ANglia vix lacrymas mœstis siccârat ocellis,
Queîs flevit Funus, Diva MARIA, Tuum;
Cùm, quasi nec minimam permittant Fata quietem,
En novus usque dolor, luctus & usque novus!
Quem tandem lacrymis finem expectemus amaris,
Anglia, natura est cùm modò flere tibi?
A reliquo rapuisse solo te dicitur æquor,
Gallia quà spectat te malefida Soror;
Jam si fluctivagas pontus tibi subtrahet undas,
Insula sis lacrymis, Terra *Britanna*, tuis.
Jam totos meritò lacrymarum fundito rivos,
Usque quidem plores *Anglia*, & usque gemas.
Occidit Ille decus *Britonum* & tutela; dolori
Parcite, si nomen non recitare queam.
Qui cùm, quicquid honos jussit, perfecerat, aut quod
Et Patriæ & Regis relligiosus amor;
Cùm Regem regno, regnum Regíque dedisset,
Atque redonâsset, CAROLE, sceptra Tibi;
Téque Tuis terris regnantem linquit, & Astra,
Alma ubi Sceptra tenet CAROLUS alter, adit:

Et

Et ſolium Nato cùm reddidit, Aſtra petivit;
Sic CAROLUM in ſolio vidit utrumque ſuo.
Quantus amor CAROLI! dum Te, pie *Martyr*, in Aſtris
Quærit, ut in terris, Rex pie, Te coluit.
Quem ſimul ac Cœlis aſpexit Diva MARIA,
Alloquitur CAROLUM ſponſa beata ſuum.
Ecce Virum! ſolus qui tanto in turbine rerum,
Quo nuper quaſſa eſt *Anglia*, Chare, tua;
Et Patriæ & Regis tanto flagravit amore,
Cujus & in tantis reſtitit uſque fides.
Ecce Virum! Patriæ Decus & Tutamen, & Ipſe
Servavit mirâ qui tria Regna Fide.
Ecce Virum! CAROLO populum, CAROLUMq; popello
Qui dedit, hunc ipſum reſpice, Chare, Virum.
Dixit, at amplexus venientem CAROLUS Ipſe,
Cœleſti ad dextram ſede locavit Eum.
Quanta jacent pulchro ſub nomine ſenſa, *Georgî*!
Et quàm læta ferax omina Nomen habes!
Nam dum Patronum noſtri voluêre ſub iſto
Nomine Majores, Terra Britanna, Tibi,
Numinis indicio factum hocce videtur, & iſta
Inſpirâſſe aliquem præſcia vota Deum.
Quàm gratum hoc *Nomen*, quàm *Tutelare Britannis*!
Ex quo ſumma ſalus, Anglia, nata tibi eſt.
Quod de *Cappadocum* Divo dubitatur, id ipſum
Competit & verè, *Dive* beate, Tibi.
Anglia *Virgo* erat in prædam ceſſura *Draconi*
Regia, & ipſe *Draco Pſeudo-Senatus* erat.
Fabula in Hiſtoriam converſa eſt; Regia per Te
Virgo fugit Mortem jam peritura ſuam.
Fabulâque Hiſtorias nè fortè excedat, ab enſe
Occidit ipſe *Draco*, *Dive* beate, Tuo.

Dive vale, Cœlúmque tene, sed & usque *Britannis*
Vivas, nam tanta est nescia Fama moti.

Tho. Newcomen, Coll. Stⁱ Pet.

TUne igitur, Dux magne, jaces? tua vivida bello
Dextera, lethali frigore victa riget?
Fræna manu, digitísque remissis excidit ensis:
Et Te captivum nunc Libitina tenet.
Quod vis nulla virûm potuit, neque fulmina belli,
Hoc de Te laudis morbus acerbus habet.
Sed neque sic vicit. Nam quamvis spicula mortis
Confixêre hominem, non tetigêre Ducem.
Venisti è bello victor: bellísque fugatis,
Pulchrior auspiciis pax quoque facta Tuis.
Vivis adhuc, meritísque Tuis in secula vives,
Insignis patriæ luctus honórque Tuæ.
Ut taceam varios terráque marique triumphos,
Dum tuus in Scotos Mars, Batavósque furit:
Illa dies æterna Tuos celebrabit honores,
Quæ Regem reducem, Te Duce, læta dedit.

Tho. Goad, Coll. Regal.

CEcidit. Nihílne ergò diutinum, nihil
Fatis inaccessum diu mortalium
Hâc sede mundi sempiternus Arbiter
Esse voluit? nec culmini nec columini
Britanniæ rerum parùm parci potest?

Quinimmo

Quinimmo quò quis evolavit altiùs
Clariſve factis eſt polo vicinior,
Citiùs eò corripitur, & maturior
Aſcribitur cœlo? ergò convitiabimur
Voce ſtolidâ morti, furoréque perciti
Falcem ſeni duro ſtatim extorquebimus?
Exequitur hæc ſolùm Supremi Numinis
Æquiſſima juſſa: tanta virtus debita
Cœlis fuit ſemper: meritis nec uſpiam
Ingentibus terrâ invenire præmium
Par poſſumus. Quid memorem ego victorias
Tot inclytas terrâ maríque, tot fugas
Hominum, cruentáſque indè cædes, claſſium
Tot editas ſtrages, & haud uni Deo
Audita nomina, pluribúſque gentibus
Meritò reformidata, dilecta & ſimul;
Prælia ſuâ virtute, conſilio ſuo
Felicia? olim te Caledonia juga, &
Fallente veſtigium palude Hibernia,
Quem hoſtem trucem bello priùs contremuerant,
Tulêre mox facilem, benignúmque Dominum
Coluêre. Non Belga ipſe nunc Tibi Tua
Præconia invidebit: hunc illi ſemel
Iterúmque, non viribus ſed animis impares,
Non ſuſtulêre Ducem; ſed & victi ſuis
Exhorruerunt imminentem portubus.
Victóque, ſi Diis placet, potiſſimùm
Invictus animus: caſibúsque cedere
Nullis ſueta mentis irato impetu
Emicuit audacia. Decora belli hæc erant.
At non ego laudes libens conquirerem
Mortalium ſorte heu nimis lacrymabili.

Quin & minuta hæc sunt, & omnibus retro
Cantata seculis satis. Jam illud legat
Stupeátque posteritas aperto Numinis
Vestigio, æternóque dignum carmine.
En scelere rapti triplicis diadematis,
Sanctóque sanguine occupati vindicem
Solii! en Virum qui primum Dominum suum
Ubique populo quæritanti reddidit,
Volvente consilia profundo pectore!
Et quo nihil fide aberit olim longiùs,
Non Martis aleâ, nec integrâ priùs
Belli cruenti mole disjectâ undique.
Nullóque sanguine conficit tot prælia;
Hostémque callidum, & diu certamine
Doctum, tot elatum triumphis, & ferum
Successibus tot militem, atque nescium
Vinci sine ullâ cæde solus perdomat.
Magnus quidem hìc, sed major inviolabilis
Fidei satìs nunquam cumulandâ gloriâ.
Cujus nec prosperum scelus, nec numinis
Simulata gratia dimovebat pectora
Incocta honesto: nec malis onusta sors
Virtutis æquíque propè neglecti Deo:
Nec spes satìs tum blanda, verùm crimine,
Sceptrum tenendi: non simul cuncta intimis
Fixam fidem præcordiis evulserint.
O arte nullâ unquam temeranda pectora
Majora sceptris imperI victricia!
Tantis patratis rebus & superbia
Longè abfuit, molesta virtutum comes.
Lenísque civem agebat antiquam colens
Semper fidem; nec, quod frequens est, turgido

Fastu

Faſtu repletus ſprevit unquam ſibi parem;
Minoráve meritis putavit omnia.
Hæc nos putamus ſatis inani carmine
Futire? Quantulus honor! Olim vultibus
Incus gemet Tuis, graviſque mallei
Te ictu tonante anhelus extundet faber;
Diſcent quoque juvenes Tua ora ducere,
Modúmque membrorum; lucelliſque artifex
Suum hoſpitem procabit effigie Tuâ.
Quin & ſinus molles fovebunt, niveáque
Brachiola ſæpe jactitabunt invicem
Tuam figuram, auróque gemmæque inditam.
Monumentum ubique famæ ſic erit tuæ.
At Ipſe tandem, Magne Dux, dignam cape
Te, Invicte, ſedem, cedere & jube Herculem;
Sumptóque curru *Carolino*, cœlitum
Comitante turbâ, jam triumphum æternum agas.
Nos interim noſtris pueris narrabimus
(Idémque ſeris linquimus nepotibus)
Facinora Tua non ſimplici loquentia
Cerâ: nec hiſtoriam tacebimus Tuam.

G. Bright, Coll. Eman. S. T. B.

ואני מקונן הקינה הזאת
על חנניה המופלא והגבור
גאורגיוס מונק

ישאו קולם כל העמים
כל עינים יבכו ימים
כי שר אבר מארצנו
רכב הוא גם פרשיו
נפל נאמן עמונו
נחשך חלק גם שמשנו
איום היה במלחמה
עוז הפליא לעשות באמונה
נתן לנו הוא מלכנו
מתן למלך לבנו
אב העם גם אב המלך
אב כלנו על מה חלך
מניח בארץ חיים
עתה מנוח בשמים

Idem.

ANAGRAMMA.

GEORGIUS MONK DUX *Mavortius* Albamarlensis.

Exurgam (si mortuus) Miles albâ Coronâ Dignus.

POst varios casus, post tot discrimina belli,
Si Me funestâ *Mors* rapit atra manu,
Militis exurgam præclari munere *dignus*;
Servatur Cœlis *alba Corona* Mihi.

Da. Fenner, S. T. B. *Coll. Sid. Soc.*

THRENODIA.

O Quàm dulce ſonat nomen tam grande *Georgi*!
Ferro qui Aurea ſêcla reduxit.
Qui Batavos ictu repetito ſæpe fugavit,
Nè ſemel unâ ſtrage perirent.
Belgarum Angliacos jaculatus puppibus ignes:
Nautis ecce Pharum metuendum!
Qui turmas equitum proſtravit fortibus armis
Hoſtiles, peditúmque phalangas.
Quíque domi eluſit furias, fregítque rebelles
Conſiliis & mente ſagaci.
His adeò evictis, egit ſine clade triumphos,
(Quod teſtes vix credimus ipſi)
Scilicet & pulſam pacis revocavit olivam,
Abſque tremendi fulmine belli.
Purpura non CAROLO placuiſſet tincta cruore,
Nec dibaphum ſic cædibus oſtrum.
Noluit ergò inter tumulos MONCÆUS ovare,
Et palmam odit ſanguine partam.
Nec fato oblatum voluit ſibi ſumere regnum,
Neu Solium rapere hiſce triumphis.
Haud ſibi ſed Regi vicit Dux inclytus, Uni
Et CAROLO hæc erecta trophæa.
Quando igitur mundus Tantis virtutibus impar,
Nec tali terra hoſpite digna eſt.
Armáque Vírque petunt cœlum, & ſuper æthera ſcandunt,
Dii capiunt, quod terruit orbem.
Arma Ducis cœlum ſpectant, ſuſpenſa columnis,
Ut monumenta perennia laudis.
Quàm meritò Regum Hic in Mauſolæa receptus,
Per quem Rex in Regna reductus!

Quàm meritò amiſſum Magnum hunc Heroa Britanni
Flens populi, flendi magis ipſi!

Ro. Lowe, A.M. Aul. Clar. Soc.

TRiſtitiæ (heu!) nimias dant cauſas Fata, dolendi,
Quod magis injuſtum eſt, tempora juſta negant.
Quis ſuffecturas iterata in vulnera vires?
Det finem ærumnis quæve medela novis?
Occidit ipſa ſalus: fatum crudele quietem,
Quæque ducis dederat gaudia vita, rapit.
Ecce per æthereas volitat felicior auras,
Mirando cinctus fidere & aſtra petit.
Agnoſcit CAROLUS, radio hunc redimitus in ulnas
Urget, ſic ſummos alloquiturque Deos.
En rediviva piis micat, Illo vindice, flammis,
Quæ fuerat propriis ara ſepulta rogis;
Manibus infernis devotaque templa, fatentur
Et noſtra auſpicium naufraga regna ſuum.
Nec minùs Illiùs quàm veſtro numine, ſceptra
Fatis acta malis noſtra propago tenet.
Quos ſis aucturus, Te Dii, Priamúſque laréſque,
Tutorem agnoſcit quælibet ara ſuum.
Præmia jam dederint pacis Tibi Fata beatæ,
Quam quondam miſeris fortior ipſe dabas.

Rich. Martin, A. B.
Coll. Regal. Soc.

Noviſſima

Noviſsima verba DUCIS *ad Filium.*

SOſpes, Nate, vides, Rex eſt, Eccleſia ſalva,
Victi hoſtes, & Gens pace beata viget:
Sedibus in propriis conſcriptum cerne Senatum;
Ordinibus cunctis integra jura manent:
Jus Clero redit, & ſua priſtina gloria Regno;
Státque iterum vires Curia nacta ſuas.
Auxilia en robuſta foris, ſocióſque fideles!
En validas acies, armáque firma domi!
Floret adhuc ſalvis Trinobantum gloria muris,
Sunt intra portas omnia tuta ſuas;
Exuvias poſuit Phœnix Auguſta reſurgens,
Urbs facie antiquâ, vel meliore, nitens.
At ſi quid feci, quòd ſic me Magnus amaret
CAROLUS, aut Genti commoda fortè tuli,
Síque ego vel bello, vel pace quid utile geſſi,
Mi Fili, Patrem tute imitare tuum:
Relligio inprimis tibi ſit, chariſſime, curæ;
Eriget hæc animum, te moriente, tuum.
At, mi Nate, Novatores, qui Schiſmatis arte
Sic pollent, cane tu pejus & angue cave:
Poſt Numen, quodcunq; tuum eſt Regi (Optime) debes:
Illæsâ Hunc igitur tu pietate colas:
Devotam & mentem, ſemper fidiſſimus, Illi,
Fortunámque habeas: téq; ità Numen amet.

Nath. Smyth, C. Jeſu Socius.

Dic Heros, dic Alme Parens, quo thure placebit
Funesto tua busta coli, quo lumina ritu
Fata fleant, vel jam lacrymis saltem annue nostris,
Et nimis ignaros nè dedignere dolores.
O Patriæ tutela tuæ! quo sospite, mansit
Inconcussa salus, atque intemeratus ubique
Imperii fulgebat honos; Te bella gerente
Externos risit Brittannia tuta furores,
Victoríque suo cessit fortuna, dedêre
Belga Scotúsque manus; vincentem sensit Iernus,
Et superimpositis gemuisti, Europa, tropæis.
Sed quid parva loquor? fudit sine cæde rebelles,
Congessítque novos vel summa in pace triumphos.
Ad magni Ducis adventum Lambertia retro
Agmina cesserunt, gelidúsque per atra cucurrit
Castra pavor; dubii terrent phantasmata fati,
Et fugit à solo tremefactus nomine miles.
His volat ad CAROLUM gradibus, & pulvere longo
Squalidus, Herculeos usque exantlare labores
Pergit; continuo & virtus animosa tenore
Conficit immanem repetitis ictibus Hydram.
Impiger ad metam tendit, vix lumina somno
Mulcet, & ingentes vetat obdormiscere curas,
Dum beat infaustas *Carolino* sidere terras.
Qualis erat, quanta illa dies, cùm tota repentè
Convolat ad pelagus, *Rutupináque* littora Regem
Plebs avidè excéptura suum? quæ gaudia gentis?
Qui strepitus plausúsque sonant? velut ipse creparet
Axis, & antiquus rimas egisset Olympus,
Et fera per totum reboarent fulmina cœlum.
Quos Augusta arcus, & quæ tibi pegmata, Cæsar,
Constituit? cùm tu rutilo stipatus ab orbe,

Intrares

Intrares lætam populis plaudentibus urbem.
Regnat ubique nitor, veneranda triumphat in omni
Forma decúſque loco, totum eſt quodcunq; videmus
Magnificum, ſublime, ingens; ibi conſcius ipſi
Imbellis radii ſubtraxit lumina Phœbus,
Æmulus & multo deſcendit Jupiter imbre.
Hoc omne eſt, Dux magne, tuum; tibi laurea ſoli
Palmáque victori detur, tibi ſola merenti
Civica debetur ſervato cive corona.
Heu! laſſus quâ mole premor? jam fœdere rupto
Belga iterum vincendus adeſt, jam ſæva ruinas
Dania, & infandas minitatur *Gallia* clades.
Quis Divûm jam ferret opem? quæ numina poſſent
Afflictæ genti, miſeríſque occurrere rebus?
Scilicet hic ſolo eſt Hoc dignus vindice nodus,
Digna ſuis iris victoria, digna tropæis.
Jam Jani patuêre fores, bellíque tumeſcens
Et lethi jam inſtabat hyems, jam fata volabant,
Et gravis offuſis obſorduit aura tenebris.
Evomit horribilis ſævos bombarda furores,
Diráque feralem proclamat buccina mortem.
Claſſibus adverſæ claſſes, velut urbibus urbes,
Concertant, redeunt veteris miracula Deli,
Et gemina in medio delabitur inſula ponto.
Ille animat ſtimulátque ſuos, hortatur & orat
Ut decus & patriam libertatémque revolvant,
Nec toties præclara Anglorum geſta retundat
Una dies, unúſq; hoſtis, (namque arma pavebat
Danus, & imbellem cohibebat *Gallia* claſſem)
Sic tandem veteres reficit nova gloria laurus,
Cinguntúrque novis illuſtria tempora ſertis.
Non hominum ſolùm domitor fuit, ipſa ſecures

Submiſit

Submisit Libitina suas: cùm tristis in urbem
Ingruit exitii rabies, fatíque cohortes
Armatæ densâ stipabant compita turbâ,
Hic Dictator erat, cordato à Cæsare dictus,
Qui mersо ærumnis populo solatia ferret,
Grassantíque palàm morbo curtaret habenas.
Quis credat potuisse mori? quàm nulla tuetur
Gloria? nullus honos? nulla est sat firma potestas
Supremum prohibere diem? sed cuncta per umbras
Descendunt Stygias; cunctis trux imminet hora,
Usque Acheronteas pallens petit hospes arenas,
Natáque crudelem subitò amandantur ad orcum.
En! senio natura dolet, mundíque torosum
Robur ad occiduam sensim prolabitur urnam.
Qui fuimus quondam nati ex tellure gigantes,
Jam sumus effœti quantilla animalcula sêcli!
Vincere lethales acies, & temnere funus
Virtus sola potest, animúsque per omnia grandis.
Qui patriam servat, raptósque in vincula cives
Asserit, & sævos exturbat sede tyrannos,
Hic meritò æternus, meritò immortalis haberi
Debet, & innumeris famam producere lustris.
Hæc Tua nunc, Georgi, vita est, hâc parte superstes
Spernis inexhaustas ævi fatíque ruinas.
Nominis Angliaci Divis Te mascula virtus
Addidit, & puris nitidum caput intulit astris.

Joan. Turner, Coll. Christi.

Te

THRENODIA.

TE tria Regna dolent, Te *Scotus*, *Hibernus*, & *Anglus*,
Te, qui tot tuleris, terráque maríque triumphos,
Et Tua, Magne Heros, terra & mare funera plangunt.
Jam fortè oceano attollet ſua vela *Batavus*,
Eriget aut criſtas *Gallus* dum concutit alas;
Cùm Tu undis Neptunus abes, Gradivus & armis.
At caveant lepores tumulo inſultare Leonis,
Vel cineres violare Ducis, vel lædere manes,
Magnanimi; cujus nunc Umbra vel Urna rebelles
Diſſipet, & ſervet Reges, & terreat hoſtes.

Rich. Barrington, Coll. Magd.

In obitum DUCIS *paulò poſt Chriſti Natalem.*

BIna vetat Pietàs noſtris nè Numina terris
Interſint: Nato hinc Chriſto, denaſcitur *Heros*.
Ipſe petit, *viduum* Chriſtus dum linquit, *Olympum*,
Sic ipſa his noſtris reparantur ſidera damnis.

Quem modò cæruleis Victorem viderat undis,
Inverſis luget miſeranda *Britannia* fatis:
Nunc Urna eſt puppis, lacrymæ ſunt flumina, venti
Sunt gemitus, tædæque Phari, ſed portus Olympus.

Ro. Lowde, Anl. Clar. Alumnus.

Quis

QUis modus exequiis? noſtri quæ meta doloris?
Heu gemino ſimul eſt Anglia mœſta rogo!
Impia nec modico eſt Lacheſis contenta paratu:
Temnit vulgares & Libitina dapes.
Inflixit nobis quantam mors aſpera cladem!
Occidis heu Patriæ ſpéſque decúſque Tuæ!
Te Patrem Patriæ Brittannia tota ſalutat,
Fundâſti auſpiciis qui tria regna Tuis.
Nomine dicta tuo, Arctoo ſub ſidere rupes
Jactatæ præbet littora fida rati.
Anglia ſic ſævis bellorum quaſſa procellis
Occupat en portum, Te Duce, tuta ſuum.
Templa Deo reddis, furiis violata popelli,
Et reddis noſtro Tu Diadema Jovi.
Dextrâ adeò defenſa tuâ rediviva reſurgit
Anglia, & in mediis ſalva triumphat aquis.
Nè veteris poſthac miremur facta *Georgi*;
Tempora majorem noſtra tulêre Ducem.

G. Wroth, Coll. Regal. Soc.

ERgò catenatis nec dum ſatiata ruinis
Sævit adhuc Nemeſis? miſeríſque infeſta Britannis
Nondum ſicca novo conſpergit lumina fletu?
An modò neſcio quâ regnat parte ætheris ortum
Exitiale micans ſydus? radióſque malignos
Dirigit in Reges? Auguſtâ quotquot in aula
Eximii, motâ gaudens proſternere caudâ?
Geſtiit hoc primùm ſacram violâſſe Parentem
Regis, & alternis lacrymis, pariſque dolore,
Commiſiſſe duas, miſero certamine, gentes.

Proximus

Proximus à prima deflenda en victima fatis
Monkius iratis cadit, uno funere Parcas
Infestas patriæ ut possit satiâsse videri.
Scilicet invidiâ cœli non dignior alter
Visus erat, quisquis calcaverit incola terras
Angliacas; hic noster Atlas, qui sæpe rotantem
Et dubium, & tremulum subjectis viribus orbem
Sustinuit Britonum; precor, hoc Atlante remoto,
Alcides quassis nè desit gentibus alter.
Hic tempestivus nostro surgebat Olympo
Phosphorus, Angligenis orituro prævia Soli
Lumina conspergens, sed nunc heu Phosphorus idem
Occiduus (medio dum Sol micat aureus orbe)
Disparet, luci huic quòd quondam accesserit author
Contentus, radiisque suis accenderit ignes.
Nunc nox alta tegit, cujus penetralia mentis
Intima, secessus cordis, sacrisque repletum
Consiliis pectus, divino & numinis æstu,
Nocte tegebantur quondam, & caligine densâ.
Olim qui tacitè quicquid dictaverit (æqui
Semper amans) animus, secum versare solebat
Secretum: clauso qui corde, & mente sagaci,
Sola laborantis quæ sanent vulnera regni,
Consilia extruxit, nulli malè credita linguæ:
(Tanquam arcana Deæ, Siculis quæ præsidet arvis)
Concedit fato moriens, intérque silentes
Consilii linguæque expers numerum obtinet umbras.
Quid Te conspicuum memorem, Dux inclyte, claris
Cinctum armis, dextrâ gladium, lævâque regentem
Colla frementis equi, veterano & milite plenæ
Dexteritate pari moderantem fræna Phalangis?
Pulvere, sanguineisque notis, & sorde decorus,

Dum carpis quales meruit victoria laurus.
Quid Te? lassatis dum cessant arma Britannis
Consilio compôsta Tuo? dum cuncta quiescunt,
Nec consanguineis certatur cominùs armis,
Martia pacificam comitatur laurus olivam.
Æquoreum taceo Martem, cùm fata volebant
Anglica Belgarum concurrere carbasa velis.
Auspiciis ut facta Tuis freta pervia nautis,
Præmia navalis dederit Tibi grata coronæ.
Te laudare piget: Si quem præconia vatum
Concelebrent, dignum qui serior intret Olympum,
Augent invidiam superûm, proprióque dolores.
Quantò Tu meritus majora encomia, GEORGI,
Vivus adhuc, omnes tantò graviora cadentis
Damna ferunt, tantóque magis lugendus obîsti.
Olim quæ Martem solita est accendere cantu
Lætifico, atque alacres animare in bella cohortes,
Buccina surda gemit; gelidum ciet ipsa dolorem,
Ferales induta modos, tuba rauca Britannis;
Tympana (quæ quondam sonitu majore solebant
Vincere Stentoreos morientis in agmine planctus)
Funere pulla Tuo, nigro & velamine cincta,
Submissos edunt, populo plangente, susurros;
Nec superare valent mœsti suspiria vulgi.
Olim quæ tortis sinuata per æthera gyris
Luserunt ventis, semper victricia signa,
Jam Tecum resupina jacent, crebríque volucris
Hærent hastili non ampliùs ausa videri:
Angliaci Scoticíque gemunt Tua fata Leones,
Et lugubre sonat fidibus temerata remissis
Te chelys, armifero quam gestat Hibernia scuto.
Amissum dum flent omnes, dum totus ademptum

Orbis

THRENODIA.

Orbis Te plangit, dum compita ſquallida luctu
Ornari renuunt, quæ dira ſilentia complent:
Perverſa interea fanatica turba triumphat,
Intempeſtivas ducens de morte choreas.
Nempe Tuo CAROLO Te tutelare putabant
Numen, & incaſsùm cunctas, Te ſoſpite, Regi
Se ſtruere inſidias; ultro ſed fata dedêre
Conſiliis poterant quæ non ſperare rebelles.
Laomedontæâ ſic dum ſervatur in arce
Palladis effigies veneranda, urbémque tuetur:
Argolicas ridet claſſes ſecura juventus
Trojana, Iliacæ capiunt ſolatia matres
Prælia ſpectando, tutæ de mœnibus urbis:
Sed Diomedeæ virtutis præmia, necnon
Fraudis Ulyſſeæ, cùm ſit fatalis imago:
En collapſa ruunt ſubductis tecta columnis
Dardaniæ everſa eſt atque urbs fundamine toto.
Mitior avertat Deus Anglis urbibus omen!
Vulnera namque magis multò crudelia genti
Infligis patriæ moriens, quàm ſenſerat olim
Obſtiterat quicunque Tuis miſer enſibus hoſtis.
Non tot fudiſti, Dux invictiſſime, vivus
Sanguinis horrendos latices, gelidíque cruoris
Rivos; quot fluctus lacrymarum inducis ocellis
Omnibus extinctus; quæ tanto flumine mœſtis
Prorumpunt, ut perpetuo de fonte putentur
Emanare novo, modò quem natura creavit
Conſultò, in noſtros nè deſint pabula luctus.
Scilicet exaret tot quondam parta triumphis
Laurea, funereæque locum contenta cupreſſo
Concedens, tacitis infauſta dat omina flammis.
Parcite ſacrati Manes, ſi noſtræ & Athenæ

Addant serpentes hederas, humilique racemo
Pellere conentur funestæ frigora taxi,
Quæ malè vicinam tumulis expotrigit umbram.
Non Tua nos ornare putamus funera cantu,
Te tribuente decus petimus: Tua numina nostros
Inspirant calamos; tenues modò fundere vates
Invitis sese mirantur carmina Musæ.
Fortia Mæonio sua debet Pelias hasta
Vati, qui si non celebrem cecinisset in armis,
Ignotus nobis forsan periisset Achilles,
Virgilióque Anchisiades encomia debet.
Sed Tibi debemus (qui sunt) Dux inclyte, versus;
Materiâ superatur opus, qui sæpe parantem
Dicere plura dolor cohibet, quique ipse vocatur
Ingenii res plena, idem, (si credere fas est)
Monkie, Te moriente hujus farrago libelli est.
Sic penè extinctum dum proles Parthica parrem
Aspicit, ignavæ citiùs retinacula linguæ
Solvit, & insuetas vomit insciis ore querelas.
Tu mutos in verba animas, sed dispare fato:
Quàm vellem in vitam Te sic revocare liceret.

Gualterus Neale, A. B. *T. C.*

Omnia in integrum cùm restituisset, avitas
Dux leges, Anglis priscáque jura suis:
Postquam Rex Solio, Pax Regno, Templa Deóque
Reddita, Sat vixi, dixit, & occubuit.

L. Warner, Coll. Magd. Commensalis.

Jam

THRENODIA.

JAm nova Regales quatiunt lamenta tiaras,
Jamq; iterum in luctu eſt Helicon, nova vulnera Pindus
Deflet, & irrorant lacrymatæ Phocida lymphæ:
Exequias, Regina, tuas vix flevimus, inſtat
Quando novum funus, ferali & carmine leſſus
Rurſus Melpomene dictat, mœſtáſque cupreſſos
Atria, funereas adoléntque palatia taxos.
Occidit Illuſtris, terrarum gloria, MONCUS,
Fœcundo Natura ſinu quem duxit in auras,
Ut fœdam Enceladi rabiem, ſeu Marte rebelles
Excuteret domitos caſtris, juſtóque ſuorum
Aſſereret ſolio Regem: non amne cruoris
Albionis fœdavit agros, nec prælia campi
Spirabant; latam ſed cinxit laurea frontem
Martis, & alma ſimul decoravit adorea pacis.
Imperio viduata ſuo cùm Regna beâſti,
Et CAROLO reduci volitârunt vota per urbes,
Omnes quàm dulci libârunt gaudia vultu?
Compita porticibus lætis laqueata nitebant,
Atque triumphales, per quos Rex vaderet, arcus
Erêxti; non ſic Pharii Regina Canopi
Auſonios in tecta Duces Cleopatra recepit:
Illa ſalus per Te populis inopina refulſit.
Cur nunc Elyſii campi deſcendis ad umbras?
Cur Neſtor? cur Tiphys abis? cur cymba procellis
Deſeritur rerum tumidis, Palinure? feroces
Portendunt terris Superi quæ fata? dolore
Fortiùs opprimitur magis en quò nobile pectus;
Majeſtas trabeæque gemunt, & triſtibus Oſtrum
Roratur maculis, CAROLUS regalibus urnam
Conſpergit lacrymis, Patroclum ità luxit Achilles.

Antonius Spinedge, Coll. Feſu.

Cùm

CUm procul à Septem splendens auriga trione
Hæserat in signo Sol, Capricorne, tuo,
Æternum frigus Boreæ decus occupat, ardens
Regis amore sui, proh dolor! obriguit.
Esse potest nemo lactymarum prodigus, Heros
Pro patriâ vitæ prodigus occubuit.
Millibus objecit pro nobis fida periclis
Pectora bellipotens, indomitúsque senex.
Submisit Batavus nostris aplustre carinis.
Vile caput tenebris Presbyter occuluit.
Cimmeriæ procul hinc jam diffugêre tenebræ;
Et clarum CAROLI vidimus ecce jubar!
His ope, MONCHE, Tuâ fruimur; tamen esse beatos
Non finis ulteriùs, dum Tua busta petis.

Tho. Bonham, A. B. *Coll. Regal. Soc.*

AH tandem miseri flemus Tua fata, GEORGI!
Ergò habeat noster libera fræna dolor.
Prosiliant lacrymæ; siccis quicunque videtur,
Exulet, & patriam deserat ille, genis.
Temperat à luctu si quis Fanaticus excors,
Quò non exequias hasce profanet, eat.
Luctibus unanimis dum tota Britannia fiat,
Digna feres meritis funera, MONCHE, Tuis.
Scripta tepent lacrymis; & arantis verba madescens,
Atramenta quidem nostra, papyre, bibis.
Emeriti ergò Ducis melius præconia cantat,
Qui minùs hoc damnum flere poeta valet.

Idem.

Dic

Dic mihi, Muſa, Virum, patriæ qui primus aſylum
Præbuit afflictæ, poſtquam jam turba rebellis
In Chaos horrendum confuderat omnia demens:
Tum verò (infandum!) regni compage ſolutâ
Pulſa fides, pietáſque, & pax, & priſtina jura:
Necdum ceſſavit rabies veſana popelli,
Donec (quàm horreſco referens!) & ſanguine Regis
Proh ſcelus! heu! ſacro maculâſſent ſanguine terras;
Unus Martyr erat tum CAROLUS, alter & Exul.
Hæc rerum facies (*facies* modò ſi fuit ulla,
Quando *Caput* nullum) leges cùm MONCUS avitas
Angligenis, CAROLUM & regno, Regíque Coronam
Reddidit: in Cœlo hinc meruit diademate cingi.

Gervas. Scrope, Equitis Balnei filius,
Coll. Magd. Commenſ.

POſtquam hîc in toto tot prælia geſſerat orbe,
Martéque Dux tulerat tanta trophæa ſuo:
Juſſus abit vexilla ſequi cœleſtia, ſítque
Signifer Angelici ſub *Michaele* Chori.
Nimirum victo eſt inſignis uterque Dracone,
Noſter hic in terris, alter & ille polo.
Terreſtrem CAROLO qui reddidit Ipſe Coronam,
Quàm meritò in cœlis huic Diadema datur?
Quod reſtat, fama orbem implet, parvóq; ſepulcro
Quàm Magni Heröis molliter oſſa cubant.
At tibi par tumulus ſi, Dux Invicte, daretur,
Haud caperet cineres Anglia tota Tuos.

Ludovic. Maidwell, Coll. Divi Johan.

Non

NOn decet exequias Armorum & funera Tanti
Heroïs gemitum & lacrymas Elegeïa fundens:
Militis immortale decus, nomenque tremendum,
Et rigidi Manes poscunt, queîs, Carmina, vates
Arma virósque canunt, quæque olim Bella placebant;
Necdum agnosco Tuos, Fatum crudele, Triumphos,
Victricésve manus: nec postera fama loquetur
Nostrum unquam cecidisse Ducem; Quem sæpe petitum
Improba Mors potuit nec in ipsa sternere morte;
Æternùm & stabit, steterit modò Numine læto
Anglica gens, & floruerint Brittannica Sceptra.

Nec tibi marmoreos vultus, fusóve metallo
Membra damus; duri peritura est gloria saxi:
Hæ Tibi erunt laudes, Dux Maxime, Cæsaris olim
Exulis, & patriæ tristes reparâsse ruinas.
Et cùm gesta virûm post sæcula longa Britannûm,
Venturum ad populum referent, & nomina fasti,
Historia, & virtus, inter miracula Gentis,
Tunc tua dicetur: divinâ ut Numinis arte
Auspiciísque tuis, multo quod sanguine fruſtrà
Constiterat, tulit hoc albis Victoria pennis.
Hæc famam titulósque dabunt, quæ nulla vetustas
Obruet, & seris monumenta nepotibus, omni
Pyramidum pompâ & fixis majora trophæis.

Hactenus in Terris: Quanti inter Sidera honores
Vix nostrum est audere loqui: Stant ordine longo
Antiqui Heroës, sic fas est credere, tanti
Adventum expectando Ducis; cùm limine primo
Intranti Elysium, Lethæo flumine vecti,
Spectantésque procul, submittunt carbasa nigra

Opdamii

Opdamii Manes, Batavûmque ingloria Claſſis.
Deinde amplexantur fuſæ per amæna vireta
Priſcorum fortes Animæ, & comitantur euntem:
Donec, purpureâ circumſtipante Coronâ,
Ultrà tendenti ad cœlum ſedéſque ſupremas
CAROLUS occurrit, duplici Diademate fulgens,
Et dedit amplexus, Divûmque in templa recepit.

T. B. C. C. Soc.

VIderat Oceanus MONCHUM ſtupefactus in undis
Stare Ducem, & toti ponere jura mari:
Nunc mihi Nereium, quantum placet, objice ſceptrum,
Jupiter, atque tui Numina Fratris, ait. utrumque;
Neptunum MONCHO præfers? Dominum aſpice
Illum hominem dices, Hunc magìs eſſe Deum.
Rex ponti infremuit, vultúque horrente procellis,
Hos dedit iratus voce furente ſonos;
Ergò impune Deus noſtris jactatur in undis
MONCHUS, & in Pelagi regnat inultus aquis?
Non ità; quin proprium ſi agnoſcitis, Æquora, Regem;
Undarum Dominum vindicet unda ſuum.
Dixerat: & miſſus Legatus ab Æquore læſi
Vindictam exequitur Numinis ultor Hydrops.

Jo. Powell, A. M. *Coll. Regal. Soc.*

SIc nos attonitos placuit tibi, Juppiter, Anglos
Fulminibus terrere tuis? & demere nobis

Quem dederas olim clypeum? sic solus inesse
Affirmas magnas animis cœlestibus iras?
Aspice quos gemitus, en quæ suspiria fundit
Anglia lugubris, dum nigro squallida vultu
Magnanimi Heröis cineres & flebile funus
Ingemit, infandum lacrymis testata dolorem.
Nam cùm virtutes & fortia brachia MONCHI
Vidimus, & victor multos transegerat annos,
Nos immortalem jam tum speravimus illum.
Sed tamen heu! cessit fatis, fortéque per artus
It Stygius color, & Batavos quæ dextra fugavit
Victa jacet letho: periit qui Marte togâque
Præcipuus, dum vixit, erat, bellóque timendus.
Sed notum non bella magis finita triumphis
Fecerunt terris Phœbo sub utroque locatis,
Quàm quoniam fato profugum bellóque subactum
Restituit CAROLUM, majestatique verendæ
Cessit, & in regnis cum pace locavit avitis.
Quem non ad lacrymas ergò hæc jactura moveret
Seu scopulis Scythiæ natum, seu collibus Hæmi,
Seu fotum invidiæ manibus gremióque furentis?
Heu! cur non potuit damnosæ fila senectæ
Exuere, atque alios melior revirescere in annos?
Et dolet, & mallet vixisse diutius Atlas,
Et queritur diras nimium properâsse sorores.
Heu! MONCHUM periisse dolet, saturúmque Trophæis
Intravisse Polum, tanto sub pondere multùm
Ingemit, & cœlum se declinare videtur
Ad terras propiùs, námque Atlas sudat & omne
Rettulit os in se, sic toto nuncius orbi
Exhibuit regni damnum fatale Britanni.
Sed quoniam MONCHUS cœli dignatur honore,

Com-

Complevítque ſuos quos terræ debuit annos,
Sit Deus, & ſacris vigeat, templíſque colatur.
Et quà nobilium valvis celebrantur apertis
Atria conſideat, pedibus ſolióque Tonantis
Proximus accumbens aquilâ tutela remotâ.
Tum ſi monſtra parit tellus, ſi carcere rupto
Ipſa relaxatis pubes Titania vinclis
Aſpiciat cœleſte jubar, non Pelion Oſſæ
Injicere audebit, totúmque invadere cœlum.
Tum Veneris natus, magno qui cedere Turno
Noluit, Huic cedet: Cæſar, cùm viderit, Ipſe
Cedet & agnoſcet jam ſe vidiſſe priorem.

Ch. Wyvil, Trin. Coll.

SIc ille cœli Magnus auriga, arduo
Curſu peracto, fulgidum ponit ſalo
Caput, relictas veſtiens caligine
Terras: ſuperba nuper adventu Tuo
Anglia, receſſu mœſta nutat ultimúm.
Nobiſcum abhinc commutet Hades nomina,
Hades vocetur licet abhinc Britannia;
Hîc turba miſerè oberrat umbrarum vaga,
Non patitur Umbras gloriæ tantæ jubar:
Aſſurgat alto nomini Herõum cohors;
Conferte lauros quotquot olim eburneo
Curru Senatus traxit ad turrem anſeris;
Debetur omnis unico laurus Viro.
Terrâ ſubegit copias Rebellium,
Marique navales Phalangas hoſtium,

Unam valeret sordidam Parcam modò
Vincere, supremo audiret æqualis Jovi.

Oldham, Coll. Div. Joh.

PErdomitis Belgis, Patriâque in pace relictâ,
Anglorum, & Regum Magne Redemptor, abis.
Agnoscunt tandem pietatem sidera, quæ Te
Cœlituum sacris inseruere choris;
Ad quos abreptum te credimus ire, GEORGI,
Ut meritum in terris nunc Diadema feras.
Vidimus effuso violatos sanguine Reges;
Tu tamen extorres ad sua Sceptra vocas:
Clarior hinc tantò surgit tibi fama, Coronas
Quò donâsse prius quàm rapuisse fuit.

F. F. T. C. S.

TAndem igitur sacræ didicerunt parcere stirpi,
Necdum invisa minùs, nec dum minùs invida nobis
Fata, sed usque audent nostras perferre querelas
Hâc vice degeneres, consueto at crimine, Parcæ.
An vacat in solos vobis sævire Britannos?
Indultúmne orbi reliquo? seu Turca superbit
Cretensi de clade ferox, Maurúsve subactâ
Australis mundi potiori parte lacessit
Numina vestra, impune licet; potuistis utrumque,
Addo alios, Persámque trucem Scythicúmque Tyrannum
Imperio

Imperio & vitâ ſpoliando, minore ruinâ,
Invidiâ leviore frui; par victima cunctis
Dux noſter, manéſque extinctus prægravat omnes,
Qui meruit veſtras unus tranſcendere metas;
Verùm agè ſurda cohors, & inexorabilis ordo;
Scilicet hoc Batavus velit, & mercentur Iberi
Magno, Gallorúmque audax de claſſe recenti
Ambitio, & noſtris ſuſpecta potentia terris,
Erepto, qui jura dabat ventíſque maríque,
Nutu, *Galle*, tuas ſolitus terrere carinas:
Sed nec crede tuo ceſſurum, *Galle*, Monarchæ
Æquoris imperium noſtri, validúmque tridentem
Tot tranſmiſſum atavis in noſtri Cæſaris annos;
Neſcio quid de claſſe novâ, de milite multo
Ad portus, bellíque incerto murmure fingens:
Falleris ô! neſcis noſtræ ludibria genti
Gallia quanta parat, ſeris ridenda *Britannis*.
Supremâ, ante obitum, mediâ nocte, irrequieto,
Multa revolventi ſecum, multúmque timenti
Ancipitem rerum faciem, motúſque futuros,
Ingens viſa Duci patriæ lætantis imago,
Qualis cùm CAROLUM exciperet recreata reverſum:
Adſtare, & lætas miranti effundere voces:
Nate mihi ante alios chariſſime, cura Britannûm
Æternúmque decus, Tua Te pietáſque fidéſque
Mortalem non eſſe ſinent, Tua proxima virtus
Cœleſti, aſſuetas jam dedignata catenas
Libera cognato quærit commercia cœlo.
Jam fatis ſuſpecta Tua eſt ſat cana ſenectus,
Prætervecta omnes grandævi Neſtoris annos,
Invida nempe Tuæ tandem & malè conſcia famæ,
Ætatem è palmis numerant, juſtíſque triumphis:

Supra

Supra vicenas primâ trieteride raptus
Sæcula longa mihi vixisti, judice Fato.
Nec mirare tamen, si lecto incongrua tristi
Adsim plaudenti similis, lacrymísque fugatis,
Aspiciam placido momenta novissima vultu.
Non equidem invideo superis; Te sidera magnum
Indigetem læta expectant, gentíque beatæ
Excipiendus abis, cujus de millibus unus
Hæc mihi lugenti nimiùm tua tempora, dixit:
Magnus obit miles, nostróque inscribitur orbi,
Anglia, quem cupidè, novi, tua cura redemptum
Optaret plebis vesanæ funere multo.
Par erat ille tuis unus succurrere rebus,
Ac instaurare afflictas; cui contigit uni
Nôsse modum belli, partos sine cæde triumphos
Ducere, lassatúmque diu furialibus armis
Imperium, reduci pacatum tradere Regi:
Pacis amans, bello assuetus, pietatis utroque
Tempore non uni exemplum venerabile sêclo.
Quin propera, nec jam morienti adstare recusa,
Solare incertum, de me præsaga futuri,
Vocibus his: exhinc sua magna negotia soli
Cæsar habere sibi statuit, nec fortior alter,
Judice Te, rebúsve gerendis aptior illo.
Excipit imperium pelagi, classísque tremendæ
Proximus ille suo virtute & sanguine Regi
Hector, ubique meus miles terrâque marique.
Vana equidem non sum, video certamina longè
Hunc inter Gallúmque ingenti classe furentem,
Non impunè tamen, totas fugit ille per undas
Victus, & imperio tandem se continet uno.
Interea nec Belga meas contempserit iras,

Contrà

Contrà auſus triplici ſancitam fœdere pacem.
Ecce fremit toto pelago, quærítque JACOBUS
Opdámque, Schramiúmque alios, Trompóſq; feroces.
Tandem, Nate, Tibi quod non eſt ultima cura,
Victrici, Duce Te, toties, lætæque cohorti
Illum Rex ſapiens ſtatuit præponere, quem Tu
Ante omnes fidum expertus, fortémque probâſti,
Imperióque parem; multo jam nomine dudum
Inſignem; meritíſque ſuis, votíſque Britannûm.
Hæc fata, in tenuem ex oculis evanuit auram.
Mox & membra Duci ſolverunt Fata, ſupremam
Exhalanti animam, ſtellas Divóſque petenti
Affines, ubi jam, cœlo plaudente, triumphat,
Æternùm noſtras meritus laſſare Camœnas.

Iſaac Craven, Coll. Trin. Soc.

OMnia, quæ nobis CAROLO jam læta recepto,
Proſperáq; adveniunt Tibi, Dux, ea debita ſoli;
Tu ſolus poteras ſanare hæc vulnera dextrâ,
Magne, tuâ, & tantas regni reparare ruinas;
Diſperſit furias Tua dextera ſola rebelles,
Conſiliúmque ſagax populi compeſcuit iras;
Abſtersítque ingens quod dedecus *Anglia* toto,
Infeſtis regum fatis, contraxerat orbe;
Tu ſolus laceram miſerando ſchiſmate gentem,
Et tria regna ſimul concordi pace ligâſti.
Tu leges nobis, divina humanâque jura,
Atque fidem, reducémque Deum cum Rege tuliſti:
Ergò, Magne Heros, poſtquam te fata tulerunt,

O dolor, & gentis decus immortale Britannæ,
Te Rex, Te Proceres, plebs, miles, génsque togata
Unà omnes lugent, laudant, mirantur, adorant.

Edv. Smith Baronnetti filius natu maximus, *Coll. Magd.*

Alloquitur defunctum CONJUGEM *præ dolore moribunda* CONJUX.

PArtem animæ de corde meæ mihi sæva tulisti
Mors: igitur rape quod supereſt, aut redde quod aufers.
Semianimem vixisse mori est. Heu perdere vitam
Optanti, ut moriar geminatâ morte, negâsti.
In me unâ simulacra locas vitæque necísque,
Vivere dum nequeo, dum nequeóque mori.

Ergóne sic miseram, Conjux mea vita, maritam
Deseris, & vivo? sine vitâ vivere possum,
Aut sine morte meo finem posuisse dolori?
Heu morti vires adimit, vitæque ministrat
Ut mea non careat vita dolore, dolor.

Dum vitam mihi ferre paras, vitámque necémque,
Chare, rapis: vitam, quia Te, mea vita, perempto
Vita mihi mors viva; necem, quia ponere vitam
Pro Te non licuit. Pro Te profundere vitam
Vita mihi est, modò sit mors mea vita Tibi.

Crudeles nimiùm Parcæ! crudelia fata!
Hoc modò si merui quid resto orbata, minori

Invidiâ

Invidiâ vobis exoſam animam ipſe dediſſem.
Et mortem mihi fata negant? haud vivimus ambo?
Quis vetat ambo mori? ſine Te mihi, Chare, licebit
Vivere, non liceat, Te moriente, mori?

Lumina lethali viſuri ſolis in umbra
Ite, Oculi, in tenebras lethi caligine ſeptas.
Neu gelidâ trepidate nigræ formidine mortis:
Quid magis exanimat, gravior quis terror, amato
Protrahere ingratam quàm ſine ſole diem.

Ite, Oculi, in tenebras; aut ſi mors ſurda negârit,
Vos mihi claudat Amor; placidâque in morte quieſcant.
Triſtem mî nemo leſsum neu funera faxit,
Neu tumulum, tumulo mœſtum neu ſcalpito carmen.
Fortunata, meum ſi propè condar herum!

Sed quid ego invitam votis accerſere mortem
Conor adhuc? miſeram ſi poſt tua funera vitam
Fata trahant; vivam ut moriar, viduata dolebo,
Dum noſtris ferat ipſa malis mors ſera medelam.
Vivam nè vivam. Quòd ſi tamen ulla dolenti
Vita ſuperſtes erit, vita doloris erit.

F. P. Trin. Coll.

Aliud.

FAta ſubis? Morior. Sed ſenſu preſſa doloris
Me tamen, heu, vitam ducere corda probant.

Vivimus an morimur? vivæ an spectacula mortis
Nec satis exanimis, nec bene viva gero?

Idem.

In Cathedram, quâ illustrissimus Dux ALBÆMARLENSIS *expiravit.*

DUm Cathedram, quæ ex (Drace) tuâ fabricata carinâ,
Jactitat *Oxoniæ* Bibliotheca suam,
Cedat huic tamen: illa satis quo plaudat, habebit,
Hâc unâ Cathedrâ dum minor esse potest.
Sellula si sacra est, parvum hunc quòd viserat orbem,
Sellula quam sacra est, quæ dedit astra Duci?

Idem.

FElices florere diu lætósque Tyrannos
Dum videt, & CAROLUM quærit in orbe suo;
Territa tot monstris hominum stupefacta labavit
Relligio, & nullos credidit esse Deos.
At tua sacrilegos contrà dum, Dive, furores
Dextera pro nostro Cæsare sancta stetit,
Asseruit possessa malis pallatia larvis;
Dextra eadem Regem reddidit, atque Deum.
Quàm meritò in cœlis regnum sibi vendicat Heros,
Qui Regem nobis reddidit, atque Deum.

Guil. Burrell, T. C.

Ergó-

ERgóne ſic etiam vallum in ſua fata minaci
Corripiet noſtrum mors inopina manu?
Et nos ut vites viduatos deſeret? ut ſint
Pro vino lacrymæ funeris exequiæ?
Proh dolor! *Ech.* O dolor! at quænam hæc? ironica mortis
Vox eſt? commœrens vel tua Nais? *Ech.* ais:
Quid ploras? Ech. Oras? lucóſne hæc funera tangunt?
Ech. Angunt, & dolor hic te quoque lædit? *Ech.* edit.
Ergò agè & umbroſum repetas, pia Nympha, receſſum,
Mœſtitiæque tuæ ſit Philomela comes,
Utque nova hæc tacitas fecerunt gaudia Sphæras,
Sic *grande ingenium* huic vel *dolor* ipſe dabit.
Néve adeo in terris MONCHUM ploremus, alaudæ
Inſtar at aſcenſu dulcior eſto ſonus;
Utque olim Æneam Veneris duxêre columbæ;
Sic Mars [a] ductores hic habuítque ſuos
Regales ambos. Spes ergò reſtet, hiantem
Orbem ſol linquat, ſed manet inde color
Purpureus, noſter ſic *murus aheneus* etſi
Rumpitur, ex venis *aureus alter* adeſt.
Qui Patris ut Phœnix enatus odore, relictis
Sic patris in radiis pullulet ille diu.

Edm. Walthew, Aul. Clar.

[a] Carolum *ſci.* & Mariam *defunct.*

FAta ſuprema videns Sponſi generoſa Duciſſa,
Has puto cum gemitu fudit ab ore preces;
Ah hydrops! utinam *vel me quoque pontus haberet*;
Sic dixit; lacrymis obruiturque ſuis;
Diluvióque novo fit manca humana propago;
Fluctibus & tantis naufraga terra perit.

Rob. Vinter, Aul. Clar.

CUm Dux stupenda passus erat, & fecerat
Et nomen ingens comparaverat sibi:
Honore, pace, prole & inclytâ satur,
Pietate celebris, & triumphi gloriâ:
Ferale telum Mors vibraverat diu
Quo feriat hominem; post frequentes machinas,
Diuturnæ & obsidionis extremas vias,
Vitale castrum denuò invadit viri
Magni & potentis, quod vi & armis diruit.
Dolendus omnibús que flendus occidit,
At maximè Illi, qui recognovit Patrem
Patriæ, & suum: cecidit dolendus militi,
Sine lacrymis tamen; mori hi citiùs queant.
Lacerant togas Musarum alumni pro Duce,
Qui fecit otia studiis: Granta at magis
Luget Senatorem inclytum, qui calculis
Electus hîc, elegit & Grantam suam.
Medicos peritos cura jam exercet gravis,
Quis morbus ausus fuerat Heröa aggredi.
Dum volvitur tam curiosa quæstio,
Rex fortean (qui physicas causas amat
Semperque amavit proximùm Duci suo)
Aderat: Viro (inquit) Hùic vigor tantus fuit,
Nunquam per hydropem ut perisse existimem;
Latere causam aliquam profundiùs puto,
Fortissimum hoc pectus mihi quòd usque patuit
Telis amoris solius penetrabile,
(Rex quippe noverat intus ac in cute Ducem)
Apertius vobis adhuc fiet velim:
Facilisque fidénsque anguror, videbitis.
Quod singulare magísque mirum est quàm solet.

Divinitùs

Divinitùs parent monenti: nec quidem
Regem fefellit exitus: viſu omnia
Miranda ſunt in hoc Duce: ut renes, jecur,
Pulmo, cerebrum, ſana ſunt hæc ſingula,
Fortiſſimo digna & viro; digna & Duce.
In cordis arcem denuò peritiùs
Rimantur: at at! ingens ſuperfœtatio
Accreſcit intimo cavamini, (nefas)
Surſúmque tendit, & integrum à cono occupat
Dilatius ſolito, ubi ſacrum gaudium
Huic ampliorem jam diaſtolen dedit:
Clauſítque nobile oſtium cordis pii;
Natale dum feſtum patulcas cæteris
Fores ſuas dedit. Fremunt Fanatici
Carnale cor & indè jactitant Ducis,
Quia prodidit cauſam bonam: ecce hunc (inquiunt)
Male feriatum hominem, Deóque percitum,
Ut in his obit, quos intulit feſtos Dies!
O judices lævi! & ſiniſtri aruſpices
Cordis laborantes boni penuriâ!
Cordatus optimè (ſciatis) Dux erat,
Qui nè quid aleret intus in animo doli,
Cavitate cordis caſſus eſt, fraude & malâ.
Dum fauſta comprecatur hic Anni novi
Regi ſuo, toti Reíque publicæ,
Animam Deo efflavit quaſi ſtrenam ſacram.

T. Puller, Coll. Jeſu S.

In Ducem ALBÆMARLÆ, *Epicedium.*

HInc elegi tenues; & quidquid funera Musæ
Degeneris cantu solet incestare, facessat;
Nil opus est humili lacrymas excire querelâ,
Indecores lacrymas, modici solatia luctûs,
Queîs fermè scelus augustos aspergere manes.
Invadens animum gravior jubet impetus, illo
Arduus incedam pede, quo decurritur Hector
Cæsus, & invictus bustum conscendit Achilles;
Major enim celebrandus adest, ut verior, Heros.
Ille super quondam licuit quod fingere verè
Magnus, & antiqui commentis grandibus ævi
Conciliare fidem (minus est, inferre pudorem,
Invidiámque movere) potis: cui tota merenti
Nobilior claris & certis Ilias actis
Turgeat; Iliadem nuce jam complectimur illam.
Non Divos oriens, aut Reges ille parentes,
Vel Proceres jactat, titulóve obtendit inertes;
In laudem fortuna viri (se intrudere vanâ
Quæ specie solet, & famæ decerpere florem)
Nulla venit; solidâ virtus radice suâque
Nixa stetit; de se pronascens gloria purè
Emicuit, nimio nec avorum sanguine tincta.
Nec de sorde tamen, rudis aut è fæce popelli,
Rectiùs à media sed crevit origine; lucis
Ut nil abriperet sors, nil affunderet ipsi,
Propriáque excoleret vacuum solertia campum.
Crediderim tamen occulto quòd semine, venâ
Et tacitè lapsâ per stirpis devia, priscos
Attigit Heroas, quos transiit indole summâ;

Indole,

Indole, quæ primis Martem ſpiravit ab annis;
Abſentémque procul cupido trans æquora voto
Quæſivit; populoſa ubi deſes ad oſtia Rheni
Centum edormîerat, vel centum eluſerat annos,
Sortes alternans ſuſpenſo fine, capaces
Erudiénſque animos generoſa in lege nocendi.
Is ſimul ac juvenem pulchrâ feritate calentem
Aſpicit, ambabus deprenſum complicat ulnis,
Et blando, præter morem, ſic excipit ore:
Gratus ades, ſi venturi modò vocibus ævi
Credetur quicquam, natu mihi maximus, acrem
Protinus arripies qui toto corde Gradivum,
Evadéſque meæ conſummatiſſimus artis.
A me deſumes ampliſſima præmia laudis,
In me ſed potiora refundes fœnore grato.
Magna geres pugnace manu, majora ſagace
Perficies animo, vi præpollentior utrâ
Ambiguum; terras ſimul illuſtrabis & undas
Virtute amphibiâ, ſe res fundente per omnes.
Res utcunque geres, quò vertes cunque teipſum,
Indivulſa tuæ hærebit victoria dextræ;
Vana nec hæc ſterilíſque, & tantùm clade nocivâ
Inclyta, ſed validos præbens mortalibus uſus.
Scilicet inſtauranda tuis decernitur armis
Regnorum collapſa ſalus; depellet iniquæ
Vis ferale jugum à patriæ cervice minacis.
Nominis aura; manus tumidos exerta rebelles
Comprimet; exangui ſubiges horrore feroces.
Bellator facilis, victorque innoxius hoſtes.
Inſidioſa dabunt pietas, & pelle decorâ
Larvatum ſcelus, obductæque putamine ſancto
Immanes furiæ, & cæci ludibria zeli.

Terga

Terga Tibi, frontis quantùm diversa severæ!
Orbe chaos patrio demes, constante reponens
Res in sede vagas, & certo fine coërcens;
Harmoniam suavem renovans, & lumen amœnum;
Verticibus meritis aptans diademata, mitras,
Pileáque, insano nequicquam excussa tumultu.
Succumbet monstrum Tibi (de quo rara subacto
Vis jactet, paucíque Duces egêre triumphum;
Nullius edomitum felicibus Herculis ausis)
Ambitus, immodicos dum frustrà obtrudit honores:
En quam blanda Tibi pellex exporriget offam,
Ut Tibi captivam se dedet summa potestas!
Haud sine tam valido fati molimine nullis
Illecebris virtus poterit vitianda probari;
Aut constare Tui quantum sit pondus honesti.
Nempe Tuas ambire, suis elapsa pudendè,
Ausa manus, turpem patientur sceptra repulsam:
Indignor, dices; & cor injuria pungit
Vestra meum; quasi non mihi cura potissima recti
Insideat, malímque potens quàm justus haberi;
Objicitis temerè regni culpabilis umbram;
Mente bonâ regnum non est augustius ullum.
Nec magis, ut justè possem, regnare juvaret,
Quàm Carolo parere juvat; quem fata requirunt,
Fecit ad imperium virtus; cui sponte luberet
Ad me jure bono delatos tradere fasces;
Hâc vice sufficiet speciem mihi sumere Regis;
Ocyùs ite, volo, rectámque capessite dextram;
Morem sceptra gerent, sanctis obnoxia jussis.
Talis eris, qualem certè labentia mundo
Hactenus abnuerant ostendere secula, miles.
Reddere vim juri, profugásque reducere leges;

Fásque

Fásque fidémque (quid hæc memoro?) Regémq; Deúmque
Longo ſubtrahere exilio; pallatia Regi,
Templa Deo, vacuas utriq; recludere ſedes;
Conſociare decus cum Religione; beatum
Par majeſtatem, libertatémque tueri;
Propugnare (nec hæc in grandi laudis acervo
Infima laus jacet) infenſo quas impetet ungue
Vecors turba, arcto mihi (quanquam abludere vultu,
Et ſtudiis diſtare videmur) fœdere nexas,
Summum in ſtirpe Jovem, & ſacro cœlum ore ferentes,
Dulces Pieridas; magnóque umbone tógatum
Protegere omne genus (genus haud benefacta referre
Immemor; & linguâ natum prodeſſe canorâ
Fortibus, egregiíſque arcens oblivia geſtis)
Barbariem dominam ſtolido detrudere regno,
Júſque bonas revocare artes impunè ſciendi;
Bellum debellare ipſum, Martémque fugare
(Hei mihi) Marte tuo, tranſlato milite juſtum
In civem, & pacis firmatâ lege perenni;
Militiæ ſunt iſta tuæ; ſic arma ſacrabis,
Infamíque operæ nomen præſtabis honeſtum;
Sic fata abſolves, ſuſpectáque criminis aſtra:
Scilicet inferior nedum te ſentiet orbis
Patronum; de ſe cœlum meruiſſe, redemptum
Horribili opprobrio tetræque aſpergine labis,
Quod fateatur erit; Superûm tibi debitor omnis,
Nequitiæ criſtas tollenti applaudere viſus,
Cœtus erit, quo tandem auctore putabitur inſons.
Mars ego præſertim (qui tot fanaticus annos
Audîerim, ſcelerum fidiſſimus ultor acerbè
Dum jocor, atque tuæ ſtudeo præludere famæ
Acriùs, aſpirare nefandis creditus auſis)

Per te non malus, aut indignus amoris habebor.
Talibus excepit generosum magnus alumnum
Bellipotens; plura adnisum præsagus Apollo
Destituit; reducis vel cùm miracula Regis
Prospiceret, curæ satur ignorare futuros,
Ad se quippe minùs spectantes, maluit annos.
At tunc Heröi pars defuit optima vitæ,
Uberior laudis maturæ campus; ab illo
Tempore visus erat, nè quid supereſſet ab ipso
Iuvictum, seſe ac actus superare priores,
Inque dies auctâ magis inclarescere famâ:
Si modò conservare diu quàm tradere regnum,
Continuò vigilem intentâ defendere curâ
Pacem, quàm fundare semel; cohibere latentes,
Quàm patulos hostes prosternere majus haberi,
Utiliúsque decet. Si non turgescere magnis
Inflatum titulis; meriti nec pondere tanto,
Aut famæ esse gravem; sibi non assumere quicquam
Immodicum, reliquis abductum civibus; acres
Blanditias propriæ quasi non attendere sortis;
At medios inter plausus, mediósque triumphos,
Clamores faustos populi, pronósque favores
(Hâc saltem vice non fictos) venerabilis Aulæ,
Affectu surdo versari, animóque modesto,
Jure super cunctas effulget nobile palmas.
Si nihil affectare novum, nec ritè locatas
Res turbare, ægrum vanâ ambitione, malignâ
Afflatum invidiâ, stolidâve cupidine raptum;
Sed trahere innocuam per amica silentia vitam,
Nullam porrigere ambiguis rumoribus ansam,
Nullo rem populi strepitu tractare, suámve;
Si non addictum aut infensum partibus ullis

Vel

Vel captare leves auras, vel inania rixæ
Semina projicere; aut cæcos proponere fines,
Aut iter obliquum funeſtæ inſiſtere fraudis;
Aſt indeflexo communem lumine pacem
Aſpectare, fidémque ſuam, & Regnantis honorem;
Sit, penè ultra quàm valeat laus ſcandere, celſum.
Si mentem retinere domi, nec tradere fluxæ
Prodendam linguæ; non oſtentare loquendo
Ingenium incertum, ſed certum oſtendere agendo;
Non quantum ſapit infidis edicere verbis,
At validâ præſtare operâ, eventúque docere;
Cùm nil non valeat, cùm pervigil omnia curet,
Poſſe parùm tamen, & pauciſſima nôſſe videri;
Quærere non ſpeciem, ſed rem; ſint optima magni
Signa viri, ſupra culmen vulgare levati.
Si non privatum è communi radere cenſum,
Exhauſtis venis populi, aut è paupere fiſco
Surreptis opibus; quæſtûs à ſorde nefandi
At puras ſervare manus, famámque pudicam;
Tutari ſed enim excelſæ ſtationis honorem
Fruge bonâ, luxúque excluſo augere penates
(O utinam exemplo proſit magnatibus illo;
Ut quo nobilitas tenebris offuſa refulſit,
Illo nobilium quoque res auctore reſurgat)
Quin pretio, quum res viſa eſt depoſcere, nullo
Se præſtare Ducem, gratíſque impendere vitam
Civibus, & tantùm ſe compenſare merendo;
Iſta queant juſtæ cumulum diſtendere laudis.
Hæc ego; ſuſpiciant alii victore tremendum
Enſe, manúque alacri torquentem fulmina belli;
Nil non audentem ratio quod honeſta juberet,
Impavidóque tuentem extrema pericula vultu;

Flectentem densas legiones voce peritâ,
Et magnas classes clavo prudente regentem;
Multiplices alto gestantem vertice lauros,
Dispensantem sceptra, & regnis fata locantem:
Me virtus juvat hæc, quæ non tam luce coruscâ,
Quàm solidâ placidâq; micat, nimiúmque stuporem
Temperat, illecebras admiscens dulcis amoris:
Me pudor ille, tegens animosi pectoris æstum,
In bellace viro studium durabile pacis;
In Duce, quo summum imperium non alter obire
Aptior, obsequium deferre parata voluntas;
Mens refugi fluctûs variis in casibus expers,
Proposito fideique affixa tenaciter; altâ
Cum gravitate rigor nullus, fastúsve; potentis
Vix sensus meriti, clamor nullus; tenor æquus
Vitæ; limitibus modicis inclusa cupido;
Quicquid & his arcto comitatu dotibus hæret,
Afficiunt imas flammâ penetrante medullas.
Ex his evasit laus mundi consona, certus
Incerti populi favor, unus celsior omni
Invidiâ, jactu assiduo quæ summa lacessit.
Nempe quis est adeò nequam dementer, ut illum
Oderit, auspice quo nobis vis tanta bonorum
Incubuit; per quem nos pulsa revisit opima
Pax, nostrósque lares per tot nunc incolit annos;
Quo munita salus nunquam est sibi nostra timere
Visa; sed hostiles semper res Anglica tempsit
Assultus, tanto custode & vindice tuta?
Ergò immortalem faciebant publica vota,
Quantùm vota valent; fatóque exemptus agebat,
Quantùm fata sinunt: at nullis numina surda
Auscultant votis; meritorum excordibus illis

Nullus

Nullus ineſt ſenſus; ſævè diſcrimine nullo
Omnibus inſultant; poſtquam, à ſe prodita, fœdè
Gens humana gravi dedit è certamine terga,
Lege ratum ſtat eis immotâ, parcere nulli.
Hinc jacet, ecquis eum credat potuiſſe jacere,
Qui nos ſtare dedit? per quem res noſtra revixit,
Ipſe obijt, fato communi ſubditus. Eheu,
Quid facimus? quàm non in dignum pectore toto
Sufficimus luctum? quàm nobis ſpiritus ægrè,
Si quis eo nobis manet expirante miſellis
Spiritus, in tantum ſuſpiria debita caſum
Suppeditat? vires excedit cauſa dolendi;
Officio minor eſt, & non ſolvendo dolorem
Anglia tota; ſuum niſi quòd Rex optimus ultrò
Impendit, magnæ qui ſolus congruit umbræ,
Noſtris magnificum pondus mœroribus addens.
O quàm te decet hæc, quantúmq; repoſcit amorem
Inſignis pietas & pluſquam Regia! multis,
Per jugem illuſtris vitæ diffuſa tenorem,
Eluxit bonitas ingens tua, CAROLE, ſignis,
Quot nemo vel quanta poteſt obtendere Regum.
Vix tamen hoc ullum divini pectoris extat
Clarius indicium. Quò te fidentiùs ipſo
Nitemur poſthac; quanquam ſic lumine dextro,
Atque manu dextrâ videare orbatus; oportet,
Eſt qui virtutem tanto complexus amore,
Proſequitur meritum tanti mercede doloris,
Nullius is meriti ſit, vel virtutis egenus;
Quid ſolus valeas hinc conſtat; quódque ſuperſtant
In te jam CAROLUS ſimul atque GEORGIUS uno.
At tu præclari defuncte laboribus ævi,
Æterni in gremio decumbe quietus honoris.

Non

Non tibi de Pariis consurgat rupibus agger;
Néve tui Cyprio custodia nominis æri
Mandetur; neu te memorandum pagina sumat
Docta; nec audaces (debet vestigia vitæ
Heroûm queîs turba minor) tua gesta Camœnæ
Contemerent; immortalis tua gloria summo
Certiùs immotas radices inserit ævo:
Sacra tuæ famæ tria stant ingentia regna,
Auspiciis erecta tuis; quot templa, quot ædes,
Tot monumenta tuæ virtuti extructa supersunt.

HOc segni quantum dictavit cunque poëtæ
Musa quidem nulla, at Gratia multa melos.
Si nimius videar, culpam non deprecor; ipse
Cùm videar justo parcior esse mihi.
Musa jocosa fuit multis (Musam esse jocosam
Nil vetat, at longis non licet esse jocis)
At mihi, siqua fuit, spatiis diffusior æquo
Jure fuit, quoniam seria Musa fuit.
Scilicet affectum pleno torrente ruentem
Sistere vix nostræ, crede, fuisset opis;
Officii nec erat, meritis cùm congrua tantis
Nulla queat reddi pagina larga satis;
Nec, post insumptum scribendi plura laborem,
Non adscribendum *multa deesse* foret.
Publica nè repetam, nimiùm quæ vasta supremi
Nobis porrexit numinis Ille manus;
Multa obvenerunt privatæ commoda vitæ,
Quæ par est magno sumpta referre Duci:
Quòd sub jucundæ requievi tegmine pacis,
Vita quòd à Tragicis est procul acta malis;

Quòd

Quòd placitis ſtudiis, literíſque inſontibus ampla
Otia (nè dicam præmia) contigerint;
Turpibus ejectis Dominis, vanóque furore,
Se purâ qui pro relligione tulit,
Quòd licet obſequium Regi deferre benigno,
Et vero cultum verum adhibere Deo:
Hæc ego tanta Boni forti, prudente, probâque
Obtinuíque operâ poſſideóque Ducis.
Huic igitur grates dum fundere conor, ineptus
Eſſe queo, longus vix (reor) eſſe queo;
Sin videar, veniam extremæ non abnue culpæ,
Quiſquis eris (ſi quis) qui legis iſta, precor:
(Huic veniam culpæ facile eſt concedere; pœnam
Scribendo ſcriptor quum ſatìs ipſe luat)
Non erit, ut poſthac patientia veſtra laboret,
Nec mea charta ſuâ tædia fronte geret;
Luſibus his penitus vel penè renuncio; quicquid
Nitar abhinc, nullum vel breve carmen erit:
Muſas, Magne, meas ſine (veſtrâ laude ſubactas)
Appendi tumulo, parva trophæa, tuo.

Iſaac Barrow, Trin. Coll. Soc.

Κλαίετε τὸν ΜΟΝΑΧΟ'Ν μεγαλήτορα, κλαίετε Μῦσαι,
Θυμολέοντ', ἀτάλαντον Ἐνυαλίῳ ἀνδρειφόντῃ·
Ὃς ῥέα δυσμενέων ἀνδρῶν ἔρρηξε φάλαγγας
Μυνάξ, εἴτ' ἄρ Ἴβηρες ἔσαν τοίγ', εἴτε Βαταυοί·
Ὃς πολυκοιρανίης λυσσώδεα δῆμον ἔπαυσεν,
Ἠδὲ μοναρχομάχων ἀνδρῶν ἁλίωσε μενοινὰς
Μυνάξ, τῷδε βίην ὀλέσας, καὶ κέρδεα λυγρά·

Πλαγτῶν

Πλαγκτῶν δ', ὅσσοι τε φρένας ἐκπεπαταγμένοι ἄνδρες
Ἐνδυτὸν ἐν σήθεσιν ἔχειν νόον αἰὲν ἔφαντο,
Τῶν τ' ἔρραισε μυθ., συνεχὲς τὸ ἐβάμβαδεν εἰνὶ τς
Μυνάξ, οἱ δ' αἰσφερόωντο παρόσσαντ' ἀλεγεινῆς.
Τὺς δ' ὀχλοκρατέοντας ἀλάσσεας, ἀχθεα γαίης,
Τῶν ὕβρεις τε βίη τε σιδήρεον ἦτορ ἔχει,
Ἔχεν ἀταυαλίης, κ) ἀνήγαγε τὸν Βασιλῆα,
Αὐτὸ δ' ὅπ θεόφρων εἶσε, πάλιν δ' οἱ συμπέρον ἔδωκε
Μυνάξ, ὐδέ τις οἱ τοίωνδ' ὁπιταρρόδος ἔργων
Ἔπλετο· τῷ ῥα δίκη MONAXOΣ κεκλημθ. εἴη,
Εὖ δ' οἱ ἔχοι ἐὸν ὄνομ', ἐπεὶ παύε μοιῦ. ἔρεξε
Ζωὸς ἐών· νυῦ δ' αὖ θνάν. κ) μοῖρα κιχάνει.
Ἀλλ' ἐπεὶ οὖν τέθνηκεν, ὃς ἄστεϊον ἔρμα πολη.,
Καὶ μυθ. μέγα κῦδ. εἶπ, ἔρκ. τε Βρεττανῶν,
Κλαίετε τὸν MONAXON μεγαλήτορα, κλαίετε Μῦσαι.

In Nobilissimam Heroinam Illustrissimi Ducis *Uxorem, unà cum Marito ægrotantem, & non ultra tres Septimanas Ei superstitem.*

FAta sua, & Domini præsensit languida Conjux,
Visa Virago suo commoritura Viro.
Stat tecum mihi, Chare, mori: Tibi ut ipsa superstes
Sim misera? Exequias ibo, sed Umbra, Tuas.
Ocyùs hinc propero, (quid adhuc sub luce morarer?)
Indocilis vitam (Te moriente) pati.
Armorum hanc didici Tanto sub Milite legem:
Vitâ & morte meum nam sequar ipsa *Ducem*.
Talia, credo, sui voluit cùm *Portia Bruti*
Fata sequi, moriens ultima dicta dedit.

Edidit

Edidit & talés noſtra Herôina loquelas;
Nec lethi cupiens *Portia* noſtra minús.
Haud certè *ardentes avido bibit ore favillas*,
(Sed nec ei Conjux Cæſaris hoſtis erat)
Mortem avidè tamen & venientem prona recepit,
Tam charo Capiti quâ citò facta comes.
At neque lugubris Solennia cernere Pompæ
Suſtinuit, *Georgî* aut Funera tanta ſui.
Anticipans ergo hæc Spectacula mœſta, Triumphos,
Denique nec tolerans, trux Libitina, tuos,
Tempeſtivè obiit, Magni poſt fata Mariti
Cùm vix vicenos viderat ægra dies.

TU verò, ô *ſimili frondeſcas virga metallo*
Dux juvenis, ſtirpe hâc macte & Iüle tuâ.
Nec nimiùm doleas, licèt orbus utroque Parente,
Nempe utriuſque tibi CAROLUS inſtar erit.

Epilogus ad Regem Apologeticus.

COnflictata diu eſt lethali Academia morbo,
Abſtulit Illuſtrem cùm mala Parca Ducem.
Senſerat infelix tanti præludia fati,
Tum quaſi Patrono commoritura ſuo.
Necdum convaluit geminato vulnere Mater,
Et morbo ſimul & funere preſſa gravi.
Ignoſcas ergò, petimus, ſi divite venâ
Nec fluit, & genium non habet iſte Liber.
Ægra manus calamum regit, & penus arida Vatum,
Et repit tardo languida Muſa pede.

Fa. Duport, Acad. Procan.

If ever Mortal could command
Stern Fates *their own laws to withstand,*
And to three Realms a Resurrection give
Which they had buried alive:
Great Albemarle *was that strange He;*
In whom high Valour, and deep Policie
Agreed to dwell,
Yet still contended which should most excell.
Tell not me of Philips Son,
Whose Captains help'd his Conquests on:
Give me a Man
[If Stories can]
Who to himself was All,
Arms, Money, Army, Generall.
He whose unfeigned Legend may
Tempt future Faith so far astray
As to imbrace for true the fancies
Of most extravagant Romances.
Let Julius *vapour that he Came*
And Saw, and Overcame:
Our George *did more,*
Who sent his Victories before,
And Conqueror was when yet no ey
Discover'd him an Enemy.
Never such Mines as his, who though,
A kingdom off, yet up could blow
His unperceiving foes, and snarl them in
Their own deserved gin.
How stood he like a Looker on,
When the main Game was his alone;
In which he shun'd, what others wish'd, the luck
To rob the Common Stock.

How

How in a ſeeming
Regardleſs dreaming,
With more than Lyncean eye
Pierc'd He the Rebel Saints Hypocriſie!
In what Reſerv'dneſs did He ſtand immured
And ſecured!
Perhaps the onely He among
True hearts, who proſperouſly
Contrived how to be
A Cavalier in all things but his Toung.
He's ours, this Faction cry'd; He's ours, cry'd that:
Fools, ſo He was; but not
As you ſurmis'd: 'twas his Deſign to free
You all from your mad Miſerie.
How did He make it his brave play
To hold proud Oliver *at bay!*
To ſtemm his Craft with wiſer Art,
And make him gnaw his fooled heart!
By yielding, how did he ſubdue his States;
And London *ſave by firing of her gates!*
Now plain Charles Stuart *gan to be*
The Kings moſt excellent Majeſtie:
Now Loyalty was grown
Good Senſe, and went right glibly down:
Now Covenanters and Ingagers ſtared
To find themſelves in Honeſty inſnared.
His Soveraigns way thus having paved
With hearts of Friends and Foes,
And ſaved
Unwitting thoſe
Who many years had buſie in
Hammering their own Ruine bin;

The matchless Patriot *to his Throne*
Through thousand triumphs brings the Martyrs Son.
Nor did one drop of blood besmear
This mighty Fact: O no! his studies were
His brows to raise
With pure unbloudy bayes:
And therefore He
Chose his Brains Artillerie,
More happily considering in
His Counsels Magazeen.
Yet when his Masters Honour, and
His Countries Cause call'd for his Hand,
The roughest Dangers stop'd him not
From tearing boistrous Seas and Fleets in sunder;
Nor will it ere in Holland *be forgot*
That George *could thunder.*

A. C. of S. P. Coll.

I

As when some storm its violence displays,
The angry and enraged Seas
Here open an abysse, and there a mountain raise,
The trembling Mariner abandon'd sits
And in despair the rudder quits;
If some kind Star to his relief appears
And smooths the Oceans rougher face,
His care does vanish with his passionate fears
And glad security reviveth in their place;

The

The Seas are huſh't, and we may ſee,
In his becalmed look the ſame Serenity.
So we (Great GEORGE) *for Thee did lately ſear*
More then a Mariner half-ſhipwrackt does;
Like tender Mother that with panting care
Over her ſickly infant ſtays,
We watch't the Critical event of thy diſeaſe,
In pangs of fear ſtill ask't the fatal news;
When lo a well diſſembled cure of thine
We did our fears and griefs reſign.
We thought the dropſy did relent,
And had its Magazine of miſchiefs ſpent.
Arm'd with the rigours of a Scythian cold
Lo! from its ſnowy cave,
A new reſiſtleſs ſtream it roul'd
Great Albemarle's *illuſtrious life to Brave.*

2

Impure diſeaſe! What can't it then ſuffice
With all thy watry terrours to purſue
The drunken and luxurious crew,
But thou muſt vex the virtuous and the wiſe?
Go wreake thy rage upon
Their crudities & indigeſtion:
Great Monk's *ſevere and ſtricter temperance*
No ſofter luxury ſurpriz'd,
Unbroken by the leaſt extravagance;
The eaſy fruits of Nature him ſuffic'd.
He for his Country ſpil't more bloud, then others wine;
Whilſt with its noble brine
Endeavouring to repay that vital juice,
Into its emptied ſluce,
The German Ocean would it ſelf transfuſe.

Had'ſt

Had'st thou, O Sea, within thy watry arms
Embrac'd some sinking villages, or tos's't
An Aromatick shipwreck on our coast,
We to thy rage had pardon'd all those harms;
But this small water-breach we more bemoan,
Then all the Oceans inundation:
Whilst in our tears we now confess
The Cargo of the East, *then* Monk, *we valu'd less.*

3

'Twas then when gasping Loyalty began
Her faith and hopes to cast away;
Having besought the Gods in vain
Despairing now no longer She would pray.
She thought no miracle was great enough
To rescue England *from its pains,*
But would its fetters (though so rough)
Bind faster on with voluntary chains.
We did no longer now our Stars impeach;
Contented to our Destiny did bow,
Seeing our selves thrown down so low;
Jove nor with thunder nor with mercy could us reach.
In vain the Church *did at its Altars stay,*
Its Altars which neglected lay.
The nation (which its sov'raign did expect
Impatient, as the Jewish Sect
Do for their Loytering Messiah *stay)*
Its tyr'd belief now down did lay,
And languishing their sorrows onely to the Thames *did say.*

4

When from the North George *makes his silent way;*
With doubtful march 'twixt triumph and defeat

He

He came to ruine or to raiſe our fate;
His great deſign in his brave breaſt concealed lay,
Like gold that never ſaw the day,
But in the boſom of its native o're aſleep
To its perfection does unperceived creep.
The doubtful world could not his purpoſe gueſs,
Which his ambiguous look did ne're confeſs.
Their Deſtiny and fall was far
More legible in every Star,
Then in his cloſer and myſterious face.
The traitours and the good did fear by turn,
And in ſucceſsive paſsions freez and burn.
Sometimes the Loyal thought they ſaw ariſe
Their dawning happineſs in his great eyes.
When He at laſt convinc't our fears
And plac't Great CHARLES upon his throne again;
No bloud our Calendar did ſtain,
And we wept none but joyful tears.

5.

It was his miracle alone
That powerfully wrought upon
Our Rebel Chaos and confuſion.
So the omnipotent o're the firſt matter ſtood
And on its infant impotence did brood:
With formes its nakedneſs he did array,
That then in natures quarry undiſtinguiſh't lay.
The liquid gold of the firſt Element
Towards the Centre went;
Below he hurl'd
The groſs and ſluggiſh parts down to the nether world.

Great

Great Gen'ral! *What secret Maze,*
What sudden springs of action were thine;
Which through these silent and untrodden ways,
Such strange Meanders, led thy great design?
As if thou strov'st to imitate
Th' inimitable artifice of Fate,
And didst our happiness advance
In the unerring ways of providence:
As if thou knew'st the secret how the world
By his almighty wisdom's rul'd,
As if he laid those cares aside, he must
The Universe to Thee alone betrust.

6

'Twas this that Cromwel *saw; by Thee alone*
His race should tumble down
From that proud height of usurpation.
In Scotland *and unarm'd, alone*
Thou mad'st him tremble on his throne.
In vain with threats and power he strove
Thy great and fixed Mind to move;
In vain he did apply
Unprofitable charms and flattery.
Thy unperceived Loyalty did move
As silent as the Sun above,
Which none sees move, but say that it ha's roul'd.
Like Brutus, *thou wer't fixt, but not so rashly wise;*
Invincible both by his steel and gold
Thou didst the Tyrants rage and flatteries despise.

7

A life so full of glories and Divine
Did now at last to its long end decline.

To

To Death thou didſt as glorious yield
As overpowered Captains in a field.
Thou ſat'ſt in thy Triumphant ſeat
And death didſt ſolemnly attend:
Thou didſt like Judge not ſuff'rer ſtand,
And her approaches there undaunted meet.
Such didſt Thou ſeem, when after ſome diſpute
The Captive Dutch *hung at thy Conquering ſtern,*
Such was thy look, when at thy foot
Their ſinking pride beneath Thou didſt diſcern.
Methinks I ſee how Death in this approach
With trembling reverence drew near,
Suſpecting She did here encroach,
And ſeem'd as if She fear'd Thee more, then Thou didſt her.
Thou that wer't wont her terrours to behold
In mouths of Cannons and in flame,
Wer't ſcarce concern'd when in a dropſie clad
An humble ſuppliant to Thee ſhe came,
And with ſubmiſsive awfulneſs took hold,
By intervalls, of thy great heart and head.
Thy great Herōick ſoul did never fear
The diſmal luxury of war;
And in this private fight, as heretofore,
Even dying thou didſt ſeem as great a Conqueror.

Hen. Goſtling, *A. M.* Fellow of *C. C. C.*

When Henrietta *paſſed by,*
In Triumph, through the Arches of the ſky,
CHARLES *the* Saint *embraced her;*

(*A royal Diadem was on his head,*
Such as in heaven the Martyrs use to wear;)
And thus the royal Martyr said:
"*My dear Consort, come away,*
"*To the golden Palaces,*
"*Of Joy, and Love, and peace,*
"*To the entertains of this thy Coronation day;*
"*No more the rage of Tyranny*
"*Shall ever injure thee,*
"*Nor any treason; all things here*
"*Sweet, as thy own Beauties, are;*
"Strafford, *and* Laud, *shall on thy Court attend.*
"*And* (*after a short while*)
"Great Albemarle; *then whom, the British Isle*
"*Has not a more Heroick Friend:*
'Tis come to pass, Great Albemarle *must go;*
While for him we mourn below,
A joyful shout all Heaven fills,
Unto the utmost bound of the Everlasting hills;
The mighty Angels meet
To welcome him, and the admiring Saints,
Some with a song, some with a dance,
His happy presence greet:
But chiefly, to their fellow Minister,
Our Guardian Angels fly with nimble wings,
Arts of War and peace to hear,
(*Strange, miraculous things;*)
And fain they would from him instructed be,
How to defend their charge, the Brittish Monarchy.

Sa. Howlet, *St Joh. Coll.* Fellow.

What

1

What e're (Great Sir) to Thee we pay
Leſs then the honour of that Day,
Which, as it purchaſed to Thee
Immortal Fame and memorie,
Did with new Life our drooping ſouls inſpire,
Seeing ſuch fatal Enemies retire,
As Rage, Ambition, and prepoſterous zeal,
Plagues and Diſeaſes of a Common-weal:
Would be unworthy thy exalted Name;
And leſſer Virtues but eclipſe thy Fame.

2

When we alaſs! ſo long had been
Darkneſs without, and Death within,
That Deſperation now was grown
Adviſer and Companion;
When a black Cloud, was now full ripe, and ſpread,
Ready to fall, and to intomb the Dead:
Thou like that firſt Day whoſe auſpicious birth
Chas'd darkneſs and confuſion from the Earth,
Brok'ſt ope a paſſage, and the Cloud being rent,
Nought but our Exile ſuffer'd baniſhment.

3

Till then we Exiles were, and though
Our Country we did not forgo,
Our Countries limits ſerv'd to be
But bounds to our Captivitie:
Like as men cloyſter'd in ſome diſmal cave,
May there pretend Propriety to have,

Because their Prison 'tis: but ne're was't known
A man wore chains because they were his own.
By Thee with Freedom repossest, we find
The Dungeon vanisht, but the House behind.

4

Thou for this Act shalt ever live,
And thy own Monument survive,
Thy Monument which yet shall stand
Untouch't by sacrilegious hand;
Which shall maintain Dispute with aged Time
And hardly at the last submit to him;
For all Sepulchral marble will agree
And yield in this prehéminence to Thee,
That none before Thee ever hence did go
With more of Pomp, and less of envy too.

And You Great Patron *of all Arts that be,*
But most of Valour and of Poetry:
(Which gave the Poet courage to submit
His humble Muse unto your Royal Feet)
Whilst with such bounty to the Dead you give,
Although not men you make new souldiers live.
But stay that hand (Great Sir) *which now has shown*
To all true Valour what you would have done:
Least every coward should his life despise,
Or out of pride, or out of avarice;
And generous Valour should at length become
No more a Virtue but a Fashion.
This Act shall of it self sufficient be
To pose and baffle all Posterity,
Which shall contend in vain, but never find

of

Of theſe two vertues, which in you moſt ſhin'd,
The Bounty, or the Juſtice of your mind.

John Andrews of Chr. Coll.

On his Grace *GEORGE*, Duke of ALBEMARLE, who dyed *Jan.* 3^{d} 16$\frac{89}{90}$.

1

'Twas the moſt diſmal ſeaſon of the year
When all things in their mourning weeds appear,
When wither'd trees hang down their heads and ſhow
How fading things are here below;
When flowers in their beds do bury'd lie
And woods and fields ſtript of their Glory,
Note the whole world is tranſitory,
Then left Great ALBEMARLE *mortality!*

2

A ſeaſon 'twas as if by Natures care
All things their ſev'ral mourning parts ſhould bear,
The gloomy skies themſelves did often weep,
That we with them ſad time might keep.
The melancholy birds left oft to ſing,
And the poor ſhiv'ring herds below
Seem'd too by ſympathy to know
A publick loſs a gen'ral grief ſhould bring.

Thus

3

Thus skies and earth, and waters too combin'd,
And in a sad solemnity they joyn'd,
When senseless things seem touch'd thus, how shall we
Express our selves, Great GEORGE, *or Thee!*
That bright sun-shine of joy how shall we prize,
When Thou our morning-star arose!
And how again shall we disclose
Those clouds of grief, which by thy setting rise!

4

Thy greatness, Hero, verse cannot express,
That show's alas but our own littleness;
Figures, and raptures, yea, and fancy too
Are useless when we speak of you;
Those arts by which fond Poets would commend,
When they would highest mounting be
On th' wings of an hyperbole,
Come short of Thee whilst others they transcend.

5

When in a labyrinth we lay enclos'd,
To a Monster worse then Minotaur expos'd,
A Monster which upon our best men fed,
And yet more strange, it had no Head;
Thou our Great Theseus *didst at last step out,*
And guided by a wond'rous clue
The fatal beast thou didst subdue;
And what we scarce durst hope, Thou brought'st about.

Three

6

Three ſtruggling kingdoms did alaſs! in vain,
Entangled in their fetters, long complain;
'Twas ſure a Gordian *knot which had them bound,*
For to unloſe it none was found;
Great Alexander *was, but Greater Thou;*
For he without his ſword could not
Unty the perplex'd Gordian *knot,*
But ours *without thy ſword thou didſt undo.*

7

In the Elyzian walks methinks I ſee
The ſo fam'd conquering Ceſars *riſe to Thee,*
And all thoſe worthies who great Rome *did raiſe*
Fall down and offer thee their bays.
They all their conqueſts to their battels ow,
But who but Monk *did ere before*
A baniſht Monarchy reſtore,
And num'rous Hydra's quell without one blow?

8

All were amaz'd, even his enemies
Stood gazing at his powerful victories;
Like Perſeus *He was armed by the Gods,*
Which made him proof againſt all odds.
Something he bore much like the Gorgons *head:*
For the rebellious rout would fain
Have ſtruck; but did attempt in vain,
Some ſtood like fixed ſtatues, others fled.

9

No ſooner had a whirlwind brought his fate,
Who with dire Hurricans had rent the State,

But

But straight he our wise Architect design'd
To clear the rubbish left behind,
Thus for a while on the North's barren land
He with his Israelites did lie
Awaiting on the Deity,
'Till God from thence did him, He them command.

10

Then Moses-like did he march forth to free
His Tribes from bondage and Captivity,
And by a Cloud *he led them too, which they*
Did follow but scarce knew which way,
Things in nights womb so long had hudl'd lain,
'Twas almost natural to stray,
'Till he brought back the wish'd for day,
And in his right sphere plac'd our Sun again.

11

Like th' elements of old we were at jars,
And long we labour'd with intestine wars;
We were a Chaos, a Confusion,
A mix'd scene of Religion.
Perceiving this, like the First-Mover He
Our parties brought to unity,
Nay caus'd ev'n contraries to agree,
And out of Discords *made an* Harmony.

12

Wonderous man! the mirrour of thy days,
Nought can so much thee, as thine actions praise.
Great Thou *alone in one year hast done more*
Then ever pen writ of before:

Nor

Nor can thy Deeds which all exploits ſurpaſs,
Ever ſo well reflected be
To future time, as now when we
Admire and ſee them in their preſent glaſs.

13

And art Thou ſet thy ſelf, whoſe Trumpets have
The Body-Politique rais'd from a Grave?
No; by its ſo-ſtrange Reſurrection,
Thou haſt moſt clearly prov'd thine own.
For if to raiſe our bury'd Liberty,
If with our CHARLES *to re-enthrone*
Good Laws and ſound Religion,
Be God-like here, how glorious muſt Thou be?

14

Thou, when to thy Fame the lower world could give
No more, in it no longer wouldeſt live:
Thou that three Elements didſt here command
The Water, Fire, *and the* Land;
Now to th' upper Regions of the fourth
Thou'rt gone; t'enjoy a conſtant day,
And Triumphs pure without allay,
To be thy ſelf immortal, as thy worth.

Joan. Lytcott, A. B. Coll. Regal. Soc.

LEt Heav'ns Artillery, Earth's Magazeen,
Report (till now) wonders, nor heard, nor ſeen.
The Arched roof of Heavens Canopee

Thicker beſet with lamps (then wont) I ſee.
Some, to behold this noble ſacrifice,
Change all their ſplendent bodies into eyes.
Some, with beams more refulgent, made to light
Great Brittains Greater Hero to his night.
Airs feather'd people through the heavens glide
Nimbly, to ſee what doth his hearſe betide;
Expecting thunder-bolts to rend a tomb,
Within the caverns of earths ſable womb.
But there's no need of thunder, all obey;
The foaming billows of the raging ſea
Do ſmooth their wrinkled brows; the winds do ſleep,
Or onely whiſper muſick to the deep.
The Golden Quire, with conſorts, pierce my ears,
(Surpaſſing far the claſhing of the ſphears,
In ſweeter melodies, and nobler ſtrain,)
Making heav'ns concave Echo back again,
That ever ſacred Anthem; Come thou bleſt,
Enter thy ſoul into eternal reſt.

Will. Frankland, Sid. Coll.

I

GEORGE *our great Patron dead! and yet no Star*
Or blazing Comet ſeen,
Comets, which uſe from far
To wondring mortalls to declare
The Fate of Princes, or th' approach of war.
Grand tyrant Death! muſt He
Who could withſtand
Three kingdoms Rebels, yeeld to thee?

He

He who with Martial hand
Three ſinking Kingdoms ſav'd, three Diadems
Sparkling with gems,
Did to our exil'd Sovereign reſtore;
He who could nere ſeduced be
By force or policy,
By threats or flattery,
Although the faireſt ſhews they wore;
But loyal to His Prince, to His honour true,
Did like a true St GEORGE *ſubdue,*
And o're that Dragon Monſter did prevail
Which had ſo many heads, yet was all tail.

2

England's Defender *both in war*
And milder peace: A Conquerour
Of forein and domeſtick foes.
Thus with a matchleſs valour He
Attaques the Dutch our enemy,
Whoſe natures ſuch, they ſeem to be
Not natives of the land but ſea,
And might have conquered one would thought
When in their own Element they fought;
Yet on the Main
He bravely acts their fates.
That had not peace obſtructed, they again
Had written poor diſtreſſed States,
And thrown
Their ſwelling Hogen Mogen *down.*

3

England *how truly mayſt thou boaſt*

This GEORGE *to be*
A Tutelar S. GEORGE *to Thee.*
And with a GEORGE *for* England, *tune thy voice*
Not out of Custom now, but choice.
Let Georgicks *be the subjects of thy lays,*
Fill'd with the praise
Of him who did thy exil'd King
In Triumph to thee bring,
(*A King so great, so good, as may make thee*
Again the Fortunate Island *styled be.*)
Rome *whose well fill'd Calendar*
Scarce another Saint can bear,
She who so easily does confer
Saintships on those that follow her;
We who her shavelings do despise
An English MONK *will Canonize;*
A MONK *which hath oblig'd us more*
Then all her others injured us before.
Henceforth, Dear Saint, thy name shall wear
Red letters in our Calendar.

4

Great Soul, the British stay and Glory!
How frail how transitory
Are mortal things, when Monarch death
Boldly dare attaque the breath
Of Princes, and alike the fates
O're Peasants triumph and o're Potentates.
He who dispos'd of Crowns here's gone
Up to a heavenly throne,
To augment the stars,
For He
In Heaven a Star may be.

In

In whom on Earth there ſhone
Of Virtues a fair Conſtellation.
And He who here Great CHARLES *ſo much did love,*
Triumphant rides in CHARLES *his Wain above.*

Tho. Newcomen, Coll. St Pet.

I

HEre's gone the pattern and Epitomy
Of brave Heroick Loyalty,
Of humble Magnanimity,
Whom nor the Charm of being Great,
Nor luſtre of the Higheſt ſeat,
Guilded by the late ſucceſs
Of proſperous wickedneſs,
With all attractive baits, and cheat:
We ſtood amaz'd,
And on thy riſing ſplendour gaz'd,
Wondring what form at length Thou'dſt take,
And ask't what Thou thy ſelf did'ſt make;
In deeds thou did'ſt reply,
Did'ſt not the truth deny,
Thou muſt not ſit upon the Throne;
Thou wer't not that Anointed One;
What then? The Phoſphor of the day
The faithful ſervant to prepare the way.

2

Dawn of the Morn, that uſher'd in the Sun,

When

When thou brok'st forth,
Though from the cold, the Inauspicious North,
How did the Skies begin to clear,
How did the mists all disappear,
How did the borrowed lights thy radiant brightness shun.
Gross darkness had our Land o're spread,
Confusion us inveloped,
We wander'd in the night;
When straight a thousand little fires sprang out,
Of Brands a formidable rout,
Brands like the flame
O'th pit, from whence they came,
That fiercely Burn, yet give no light;
They all sank down at thy too powerful sight.

3

To Thee Heaven lent her sacred power,
Albion's Terrestrial Saviour!
To vouch whose Mission, lo!
It does a miracle show,
It does a mighty miracle bestow;
What the Corrosives of the sword,
What fomentations of the Royal love,
Could neither soften, nor remove,
Was wholly cured by thy word.
The poor distemper'd State,
When on the Quacks of late,
She had her wealth and substance spent,
Found that they did her grief augment;
When once she had a touch of Thee,
All maladies did flee:
The Bloudy fountain straight did cease,

And ſhe had unexpected eaſe,
From the diſeaſe of Twelve years Anarchy.

4

Methinks St George *ſeems but to be*
An early Type of Thee,
Whate're the Britiſh-Bards did rime,
Thou art that gallant Engliſh Knight,
Thou art that Tall, Right Doughty Wight,
'Twas a Prolepſis ſurely of our time;
In rude impoliſh'd verſe,
Yet better then this on thy Herſe.
They did thy worthy deeds foretell
On Allegories they did dwell,
Their Myſtick ſenſe in Tropes they bound,
(The Idiom in which of old
Heaven did it ſelf to man unfold)
Tropes which thy Actions have at laſt unwound.

5

From the fell Hydra-monſter we
By Thee have had deliverie,
From the Red Dragons crueltie;
Her many heads indeed were lopt;
Her Carcaſe into pieces chopt,
But ſtill ſhe did prevail
With the long dreadful Tail,
The dreadful Tail whereby
The Martyr-King *did die,*
The Tail wherein the dangerous ſting did lie.
After a ſeeming death,
The ſerpent does recover breath,

Begins

Begins to joyn her parts amain,
Begins to twist her Tail again,
Till by thy Conquering valour slain.
Nothing remains to grace thy Brow
Save the Celestial Title now,
The Badge of honour, which all wear
That of that glorious Order are,
'Tis given, Great Sir, *you'r made*
The true St GEORGE; *The bright Illustrious shade.*

Jo. Billers, Coll. Div. Joh.

THus *the fair-spreading* Oak, *which had withstood*
Whole Armies of opposing winds,
Tempests that fell'd a neighb'ring Wood,
In'ts self the secret cause of ruine finds:
By treacherous Worms or thousand unknown ways;
By envious Age
Whose fury Strength nor Beauty can asswage;
It conquers all.
Its glory in the greatest calm decays,
And Trees it did protect outlive its fall.

Great MONK! *whose Loyalty outwore*
A ten years deluge of our Brittish blood;
Storms made the Daring seek a foreign shore,
Or trust their safety to a floating wood;
Whilst Thou didst all their force defie,
Born up by Strength and Policy,

Didst

Didſt with thy ſingle arm engage
Intereſt, Faction, Popular rage,
And rid'ſt in Triumph o're the ſwelling Sea.
Nor could he be diſmay'd
Whilſt Ceſar *and his Fortune He convey'd.*

Thus through Troy's *flaming ſtreets*
The fam'd Æneas *goes,*
Although he horrour mixt with danger meets
From angry Heav'n, from cruel Foes:
His own ſafety with generous ſcorn neglects,
Whilſt He his Father and his gods protects.

He that fear'd nor Sword, nor Fire,
Nor guilty Tyrants cunning rage,
Did mighty Hoſts withſtand
By Sea and Land,
Whilſt idle Armies but admire;
Vanquiſh'd by ſickneſs doth expire,
And dies in peace crown'd with a well-ſpent age.
His vaniſheth in air, as common breath:
Strange power of Almighty Death!

Who can find words equal to His Glory?
Which doth outdo all Story,
All Flattery,
All Poetry.
Kings that He crown'd are fit to weep His fall,
Whilſt we at diſtance wait his Funerall.

Joſeph Arrowſmith, A. B. Trin. Coll.

As the great light *fix't in his Orb He stood,*
Controlling Seas in all, save ebb and flood.
To bound his Princes right, H'imself *the shore,*
And could contract our Seas, or spread them more.
Unmov'd as the worlds Poles, 'twas never se'd
That Monk *could fly,* though Seas have seen and fled.
And Jordan *driven back; 'gainst natur's course*
Grant once He ebb'd, He flow'd with greater force.
United fleets, divided spoils, blood shed
Then stain'd a purple Ocean to a red.
He the Lands Standard *and the Navies* Helm,
Whom shores did dread, flouds dar'd not overwhelm.
Yet such the envious spite of treach'rous fate,
With stratagems it seiz'd this Potentate.
Since Seas could never cope with his high hand,
Leakes from's own vessel sprung, *must drown at land.*

J. Warly, A. M. A. C. S.

An Epitaph.

He lies not in this narrow womb, Monk's *gone,*
For want of room like the fam'd Macedon.
Yet scorn'd to lean on's captive earth for ease,
And was too great to sail in narrow Seas.
He chang'd his place, and from these straights He went
To reign in waters 'bove the Firmament.

A Dream.

A Tragick ſcene did my ſad fancy ſeize,
Diſmal as night with fun'ral Obſequies.
This caſt me in a trance which did procure
A Dream, (MONK's dead) who then could ſleep ſecure?
Be'ng thus diſturb'd, ſought whence this ill news came,
Whether the world with me was out of frame.
And my firſt queſt was to find out that Star,
Which us'd to guide the wandring Mariner.
That fixed light which in the North doth reign,
A guide to CHARLES his Ship and CHARLES his Wain.
I miſs't the light, and wonder'd who's on float
For a new world, when ſtars attend the boat.
The ſturdy pole ſeem'd ſunk, when MONK was gone,
Who gave the North its Elevation.
The Earth with ſciſſures gaſp't, and doleful noiſe,
Stagg'ring for want of its due equipoiſe.
Neptune himſelf o'rewhelm'd did baläſt lack,
MONK's ſhip in Triumph riding on his back.
His channel veins did ſwell, his pulſe beat quick,
Unconſtant tides did ſhew that he was ſick.
The Sea God fears his Waters, but content
To die with MONK in his own Element.
The Seamans compaſs and magnetique ſtone
Did err with greater Variation.
The needle dare not point to North, for fear
Looking that way it might not find MONK there.
Ships haſte to ports, and fain would come on ſhore,
And with their Canvaſs wings did hover o're

His herse, like Eagles not to prey, but have
Safe Anchor-hold though on the sands of's grave.
It startled Majesty, which nought can dread,
To feel the full weight of three Crowns on's head.
The Universe disorder'd by his fall,
Great Pan *is dead,* MONK *the worlds* Generall.

Jon. Warly, of Clare Hall.

1

'TIs well so many mourning days have gone,
So many Moneths of sorrow past before,
To usher in this single hour,
This, Greatest Soul, thy last and fatal one:
For had our breasts untemper'd bin,
Not moulded by degrees to take this potion in:
This potion (bitter as e're grief distill'd)
Had burst the vessels, it hath now but fill'd.
We jointly then had all
Di'd by the self same stroke, which fell'd our Generall;
Death might have sav'd himself much pain,
And where he now kills one he might have Legions slain.

2

Yet these preparatives of mournful thought,
Perchance might have produced bad effect;

Had

Had not the melancholy-flood been check'd
By adverſe ſtreams of joy,
That in their annual courſe in that time all guſh out
Through the remembrance of the Great Birth-day:
When the ſole Conquerour of death,
Hell and the grave, took firſt upon him breath;
Theſe thoughts alone could counterpoiſe our grief,
Which elſe had weigh'd us down,
Down to the grave, where he is gone,
Whence there is no reprieve.

3

That paſſion ſure had turn'd us all to clay,
That made the froſty hills conſume away:
The icy rocks wept all their tears for Thee,
As they were marching downwards tow'rds the ſea,
They long had ſtood
Fetter'd upon the ſurface of the flood,
Till griefs ſharp liquor fretted off their bands,
And gave them ſcope to tell thy fate to forein lands;
Who well might gueſs ſome Conquerour was dead,
Since every wave was turn'd a Cryſtal Pyramid.

4

On airy wings the fatal news was born
Through all the quarters of the world aloud;
Or elſe the ſighs of thoſe that mourn
Came rowling altogether in a crowd,
And flying upwards tow'rds the sky
There in impetuous winds ſigh'd out thy Elegy.

5

Great CHARLES *as many tears let fall,*
As good King David *did,*
When news was brought Abner *was dead,*
Abner *the faithful valiant General.*
Ah! Thou that wer't the Morning-star, that led,
That usher'd in and mov'd so nigh our Sun,
Ah! how could'st thou with darkness be orespread?
Could'st thou not borrow so much light,
As to have shone
Spite of all clouds and night
Till he his race had run?
The star that marcheth in the front
Before the heavenly Charioteer,
That too brings up the reer;
Why should it not here on the earth have don't?

6

No more shall we
View Thee at th' head of well-rang'd Armies now,
No more
With thy Battalias march upon the shore,
Nor on the sea
With warlike fleets the briny billows plow:
No more at Camps, or Councel-boards
Hear thy advice, and weighty words;
No more
View thee in Kingly Triumphs ride a peaceful Conqueror.

7

Of all thy Grandeur now none can expose
More to the outward eye,

Then

Then what the walls of Somerſet *encloſe:*
But by our inward Opticks we can ſpie
Thy former greatneſs ſtill and wonted Majeſty.
That Palace onely can impart
But a ſmall glimpſe of Thee;
Thou ly'ſt in greater State in every loyal heart.
There thy virtues all appear
Shining round about thy bier,
And each ſpectatour do inflame
To act like Thee, and have Thy Fame.
They ſhew us how thy warlike Ghoſt
Is liſted now among the heavenly Hoſt,
Under the valiant Michael *'tis enrold,*
And there may ſtill the name of Champion hold.
Thy watchful ſoul
Is onely gone its great Celeſtial round;
It's iter Boreale *towards the Pole:*
Thy body ſouldier-like ſleep's on the ground;
That ſo it may with greater vigour riſe,
And poſt up to the skies,
When the laſt Trump ſhall ſound.

Sam. Philipps, A. B. Magd. Coll.

I

ARiſe ye Ghoſts of ancient Heroes fled
To ſhades below,
Where all things huſh'd in ſilence gently flow,
Forſake awhile the manſions of the dead:
In all your honours mantled,
With all your glories garniſhed,

With

With lawrels crown'd, draw near,
Approach with Panick fear
Come all, with jealous wonder come,
And kneeling bow your heads before our Gen'rals *tomb.*

2

Bow: lest his pow'rful Manes *should start forth,*
And lightning all around
Your formal pomp confound;
And totally eclipse your glimm'ring worth.
Your urns decay, your honours die,
Nor can your memory
Flourish eternally;
In you these were immoderate desires:
But He this mighty H*e*
Shall shine beyond posterity,
Encircl'd all about with loyal fires.

3

That which we real vertue call
Did onely rest,
Within the bulwark of his gen'rous breast;
For you are fictions all,
He the true General.
Cesar *and* Pompey *could not bear the hate*
O'th' Gods, but sunk beneath the weight,
Murm'ring at fate:
But This the Man so worthily admir'd,
Smil'd at the shock of death, and peacefully retir'd.

4

Sorrow in purple clad,
With Royal gravity array'd,

To's

To's mighty Herse did come
Attended by the beauties of the Court
In solemn form, and melancholy sort.
All sate and sigh'd their wo,
Stunn'd by this fatal blow.
Greatness and goodness wept about the Room.
Princes with terrour did behold his fall,
Stagg'ring beneath so great a funerall.

5

But oh!
What Pen, what tongue can show
Infinite wo?
The Earth, which lately was o're spread
With a vast icy coverlet,
Which nature had a while obdurate kept,
At such, so great a loss did seem concern'd;
She thaw'd o'th' sudden, wept:
And her great bowels with compassion yearn'd.

6

Farewel Great Conquerour,
Our better Genius, and our morning Star;
Who having chac'd with happy war
Usurping fires away,
Did usher to his throne
Our long expected Sun,
With golden beams to crown and bless the day:
Then with the kindest aspect hurl'd
O're England's *ev'ry part,*
On ev'ry English heart,
He shot away to gild the other world.

Nathanael Lee, A. B. Trin. Coll.

1

Thy Death, most Noble Prince, with sullen sound
Through all the open roads of sea and land,
Like to a common signal marching round,
Bids all possess'd with sadness and amazement stand.
But why should we who yet for passage stay,
Tossed on this inland sea,
Lament one, who has through the streights made way?
Assoon as peace and calm were given,
He made that voyage which to us was death,
And with auspicious gale, the last dear breath,
His soul sail'd forth for heaven.
A soul so well built up, to such perfection brought,
That, like the Ark, 'twas with the whole worlds goodness fraught.
A large soul his, and fit to try,
The vast and boundless ocean of Eternity.

2

The Duke, the Duke! I see't,
The English army and the English fleet!
Upwards I see him steer his course,
I see him arm'd with goodness take in heaven by force.
O the graves treacherous mine
Blew up our tower of brass and onely Magazine.
'Twas He the mirrour of Heroick worth,
Who laid the risings of the stormy North;
No wind 'gainst him durst murmur, or stir forth.
He the wild Irish tam'd with pow'rful hand,
His well appointed, his well marshall'd band,
Made them run trembling o're the quaking land.
Nor could the shore his triumphs stay,
He was Blakes Cesar in the empire of the Sea.

And

And though the Belgian moon's ſlight horns durſt meet
This the Dilemma of our fleet,
Yet ne're could their united forces bear
Our Monk *and* Blake, *Chain-thunderbolts of war.*
But this the blazing ſword, which Monk's *arm ſways,*
Not onely wounds and ſlayes,
And like a Comet ſhoots forth mortal rays:
But when inclos'd in ſheath,
The wondrous weapon could reſtore from death.
'Twas then, when with an unjuſt weight,
The traitours ſword o'repoiz'd the State,
(As was the Roman fate
When Brennus, *that wild fury, did prevail)*
That, like Camillus, *he came in and turn'd the Scale.*

3

In this rude Chaos *of deformed night,*
We ſaw a Lucifer's *ſtrange birth,*
Who led with falſe and fooliſh light
Legions of Saints, new lights on earth,
And he too rag'd and he th' old fight upheld.
Againſt Gods image he rebell'd.
When Oh! the ſwelling Dragons pride
In Royal bloud his Rebel red coat di'd.
And when cut off and dead,
We fear'd the ſting; the ſting ſurviv'd the head;
But God in mercy to the periſhing nation,
Rais'd us a mighty man for preſervation.
The City gates flew open and ſaw him below,
With a well armed glittering ſhow,
In triumph through the arches go,

With much of bravery and sway,
When Sampson-*like he bore the gates away.*
With such a Michaels *arm He did prevail,*
That we the fiery Dragons trail,
The long and endless Parliament *we saw at length turn tail.*

4

In those our Jeroboam *days did* Israel *sin,*
When throne and pulpit had usurped bin,
A tribe of Korah's, *a whole nation*
The holy Function the high charge invade,
And without stock set up the trade,
To work out our salvation.
No wise Apollo's, *no learn'd* Pauls *were found,*
To plant and water holy ground,
But dull and stupid ones;
As if that God *had rais'd him children out of stones.*
These the black sons of night,
Vanisht at dawn of light,
When Gods *own Ministers appear'd in sight,*
All cloath'd in robes of taintless white.
In the imperceptible march of time,
The blessed day had wheel'd about,
And given this night a total rout,
When Charles *our King should clime*
(O gracious God!*) his usurp't Throne.*
For none or would or could withstand
His God and god-like Champions hand,
When Monk *proclaim'd his right to the Imperial crown.*
So when that Neptune *from the Oceans bed*
Above the troubled waves lifts up his peaceful head,
Wind, rain, and clouds are strait dispers'd and fled.

He

He gives his chariot rein,
His chariot flies swift ore the wat'ry plain.
And swiftly as they run
He smooths the ocean, and brings back the baniſh'd Sun.

5

With him came peace and embrac'd round our Iſle,
The belov'd Halcyon in calm Thetis lap erewhile
Sate brooding on the deep;
And with her piteous note lay'd the ſtill waves aſleep.
When ſtrait we heard from far,
The ſhrill and hollow blaſts of war;
We ſaw at laſt the ſtorm come ſinging through the air.
Up roſe the Belgian moon with diſmal rays,
Nor onely on the waters plays;
But as Queen Regent rules the ſeas.
And with a ſtiff and proſperous gale
Of Argoſies a portly numerous ſail
Came with her riding on:
Of valiant men each ſhip a conſtellation ſhone.
Thus for a time ſh' eclips'd our light,
Whilſt ſheets of fire flaſht horrour through the night,
And roar of deep-mouth'd cannons did ſurpaſs
Her ſhrill auxiliary braſs.
But ſhe at laſt drew in her horns and fled,
And as ſhe roſe amongſt the waves ſhe ſet in red.
Now Painter, if thy bold deſign
Dares theſe His actions trace,
Thy ſweeteſt colours uſe, thy ſtrokes divine,
And for thy copy take one of Angelick race:
With ſuch an air of ſweetneſs and majeſtick grace
Shone the Apocalyptick Angels face;

His

His radiant form a golden fleece did shrowd,
A vehicle of softest cloud,
The gaudy bow of heaven bent round
As coronet His princely temples bound;
Methinks I see him stand
As Admiral at sea and General at land,
With one foot on the waters plac'd, the other on the strand.

6

'Twas this His Guardian-Angel that came down in haste,
When he was breathing out his last.
Round him a cheerful look He flings,
And as we wretched mortals moan'd,
And wept undecently and groan'd,
He seem'd well pleas'd, and clapt his joyful wings,
And as he bore the sacred charge away,
Thus in the holy language was o're heard to say:
Leave we mortality, and the dull earth, to prove
The unexhausted ocean of unfathom'd love.
Thy name as lasting and as glorious as the Sun,
Down on the stream of future time shall glittering run.
The Pyramide Thy King shall raise, will ne're decay,
Whil'st that His Royal race shall Englands *Sceptre sway;*
Or what is one, till heav'n and earth shall pass away,
And then awak'd at sound of the last trumpets breath,
Thy warlike dust, if I see ought, shall rise up first from death.

W. Davies, Trin. Coll.

On

On the Death of his late Grace GEORGE Duke of ALBEMARLE, &c.

IF verſe could to thy memory be juſt,
It would retrive a life out of thy duſt,
Which would adorn and courage Poetry,
To raiſe joint Glories to it ſelf and Thee.
But we are overrul'd by th' mighty Theame,
And ſilent in juſt reverence of thy Name.
While we command our memo'ries to declare
(For all true Engliſh men thy Annals are)
Thy life through glories poſting to thy end,
Wonder and grief by turns our thoughts ſuſpend.
For we, alas! are too concern'd and near,
To take a full view of thy Character:
W'are too oblig'd to give Thee all thy due;
The Sun, ev'n when it ſhines, does dazle too.
If verſe here be not rich, 'tis very poor:
We ſhould do nothing, or we ſhould do more.
Each Engliſh man is capable to ſit,
By's own Experience, the Judge of wit:
And, our mean praiſing Thee, will ſtraight diſcloſe:
For we on ſtrangers onely can impoſe.
For while they read MONK'S *deeds, yet under* CHARLES
See even thoſe equall'd by Albemarle's;
They will divide the Glory and allow,
More then two ages and three Kingdoms too.
For their own Books no ſuch example give:
Then how can they, but by ſurprize, believe
Thoſe glories which to ages ſhould belong,
Did in his ſingle Perſon crowd and throng?

This

This then's our help: and we from their miſtake
With modeſty will this advantage make:
(For why ſhould Poets always Fables frame?)
Not the Great MONK, *but* Albemarle *we'l name.*
For as ſome rivers do withdraw their face,
As weary of their greatneſs and their race,
And dive for freſh recruits into the earth:
Whence preſently they take their ſecond birth,
Out-do their former greatneſs and ſurprize
With joy and wonder the Beholders eyes:
Who think this bleſsing new: when it before
Had much enrich'd ſome other diſtant ſhore:
Nor did its Vertue with its Preſence loſe:
The verdant ground confeſſes where it goes.
So ſhall our modeſt grief and humble verſe
Decline Great MONK, *but* Albemarle *rehearſe,*
With ſecret, but with pious tears we'l moan
Without th' affected pride of being known:
Or if ſome curious eye ſhould chance t' invade
The cloſe retirement which our grief hath made:
'Twill be but thought, our too concerned fears
Do melt thrice viſited Cambridge *into tears:*
Or that we mourn ſome late great Lord with new
Titles and Lands his Anceſtors ne're knew:
Some one that had th' unfaſhionable crime,
T' own us and Learning, 'gainſt the ſenſe o'th Time:
Or whom t' his Heroeſhip we did prefer,
'Cauſe h' had ſeen a Fight, or been Ambaſſadour.
But all's in vain: 'tis in our ſorrows read,
And numerous Conventicles ſpeak Him dead:
Three ſtaggering Realms want their Supporter now,
Their ſacred heads too, our Cathedrals bow.

Then

Then Pardon, Saint (for ſure he muſt be ſo
Who brought in CHARLES, *and our Religion too)*
If we are ſad and dull, while we pretend
To ſpeak our Weakneſs, and thy glorious End.
Alas! we in this caſe have no relief,
Doubly oppreſt, by thy worth, and our grief.
But when our Tears and Sighs ſhall give us leave,
Wee'l onely ſay, There is the General's grave.
Nor needs there more be ſaid: what's not expreſt,
Engliſh, Scots, Iriſh, Dutch ſhall ſpeak the reſt.
But this wee'l further add: if that we ſee
Three floating Kingdoms fixt to Monarchy:
If the Sea hath declar'd for th' Engliſh ſhore,
And rolls his willing tides to bring our ſtore:
If this our Church and State, our Sea and Land
Their aftergame, and Reſurrection ſtand:
If CHARLES *is to three Kingdoms wellfare tied:*
Here Cromwell *rag'd: but here* MONK *liv'd and died.*
His Life, and Death too will ſecure our fear;
If that the Politicks of this Land do ſteer
By the laſt words of His expiring Breath,
(The laſt and beſt Deviſe He could bequeath:)
His Work (three Kingdoms Happineſs) may live,
Unleſs our follies do our Fall contrive:
And ſquintey'd zeal do ſtart the good old Cauſe:
And Moderation melt away the Laws.
For though He's gone, yet we're of Engliſh kind:
And there's a York *and* Rupert *left behind.*
Our Angel Guardian too is ſtronger grown,
(Now He's in Heaven) by this Acceſſion:
And 'gainſt the Prince *of* France *bears up amain,*
Contemns with generous pity Him of Spain:

And wrestles, under th' English Cross, to free
Us from the Universal Monarchy.
Thus Monk, *though dead, yet still assists us, there*
In Heaven by's Prayer, by His Example here.
For we may valiant, wise, and Loyal be,
Though not to that Heroick height, as He.
His Courage to our Morals gives new Laws,
It was so clear, 't ow'd nothing to the Cause:
Where just or Tyrant powr's call'd Him along,
He, under both, beat the Dutch, right or wrong:
His fellow-Subjects too, that would be Kings,
He to their Wits, and Peace, and Duty brings:
He th' English aw'd, did Scots and Irish rout,
Beat them into Rebellion, and then out.

For as i'th first days Nonage of the World,
Beings of things were shrowded up and furld,
While the great winds black Tempest jumbled all:
Nothing was this or that: But at the Call
Of the Almighty Word, things half asleep,
Start out of Night, and into Being peep:
Each take the Signal; and with graceful Dance
Do into Order and the World advance:
So quickly they the Summons understood,
Th' Almighty's pleas'd, and sayes, 'Tis very good.
So when these Realms by wild Confusions torn
Became at home a Rout, abroad a scorn:
He then retriv'd us, so, as if he'd gone
By Prophecy, or Demonstration:
So sure He squar'd his Actions: It was He,
Not Hobs, *that fixt the Laws of Policy.*

When the great factions mouldred by their Zeal,
(Which Name the thirst of Empire did conceal)

Split

Split into Sects, whose Name were ne're till then
Read in good books, or dropt from Christian pen:
They'd all the points o'th Compass for their foes,
Each Interest they, yea and themselves oppose:
But when Great MONK appear'd, He hush'd them all,
And their amazement did bespeak their fall.
So once the frogs did Egypt overspread,
So vast an Army Nile and mud ne're bred:
All noise was croaking: th' impudent Beast assails
The Guards, and thence the presence Chamber scales.
Affrighted Pharaoh runs away, and hides
His Court, i'th top of's highest Pyramids:
The frogs do follow with a direful noise:
The worlds first wonder doth resound their voice.
Th' Egyptians now seem to have found their tomb,
Fear makes them, like their Mummy, cold and dumb.
But when great Moses spake, Frogs quit the Land,
And in the Nile their numerous Troops disband:
The fearful fish down to the bottom dive,
And Crocodiles scarce think themselves alive.
So once our Palaces, and Temples too
Did ring with dismal boding notes: 'Tis true,
They call'd it Preaching: but MONK quasht them all,
And hallow'd both our Churches, and White-Hall.
Besides these foes, he had a nearer one
The Souldiers last concern, ambition:
When the fair prospect of three Crowns did lie
At the command and level of his Eye:
When Power and Valour in his Person met,
Join'd with the Heir of fam'd Plantagenet:
He roundly to confute these charming things,
Sets betwixt God and him the best of Kings;

Not to comply with Chance, or th' Publick voice,
It was ſcarce more his Duty, then his choice:
And by his Choice and Duty CHARLES *doth live*
King of three Realms and his Prerogative.
Now MONK *enjoyes his Glories and his reſt,*
While a good Conſcience calmes his manly breaſt.
And theſe three Kingdoms joys do ſecond it,
He is the Kings and Peoples favourite.
Slander by ſilence does confeſs that He
Hath got a Conqueſt over Victorie:
For ſure 'tis leſs three Kingdoms t'overcome,
Then lay Court-whiſpers, or ſtrike envy dumb.
O whither am I rapt in following Thee
Through all the toils of War and Victory!
Surely at laſt (for Death it ſelf ſhall die,
And, though he knows it, and in wrath let's flie
At random, at the young, the fair, the bold,
Yet minds his Errand ſtill, and takes the Old)
We ſhall ſee him conſign'd to's laſt repoſe,
While Victory his eyes, in's Bed, ſhall cloſe.
But yet as if his Life had not been fraught
With Miracles, his Death one more has wrought:
'Twas the laſt inſtance Valour could expreſs;
None could do more then ſo, and he no leſs:
For as his Life all others ſhall outvie,
Through the vaſt ſpaces of true Hiſtorie;
So, as He liv'd, ſo his laſt breath He ſpent,
Himſelf in both was his own Precedent.
In both He was beyond the Rules of Art,
And as He liv'd, He died, by too much Heart.
His body to his ſickneſs gave the law,
And into death it ſelf did ſtrike an aw:

He

He in his Chair, erect, and unconcern'd
At any thing, but Pray'rs, his Soul return'd:
While th' Angels crowd to take their noble Charge,
His Limbs ſcarce ever droopt, or flow'd at large.
Hiſtory now her laſt perfection hath,
And juſtly hence may write ---- The Life and Death;
A Death ſo Generous to ſay no more,
No common Life could poſſ'bly go before.
So when th' two Lights meet in Conjunction,
Paleneſs and Death ſeize on the World and Sun:
Half kindled beams ſcarce pierce the gloomy Air,
And frighted Nature her laſt end doth fear:
At leaſt half-witted men, think they eſpy
The Fates of Realms, and Princes in the Sky:
While the Sun ſmiles with all his Light, and more
Gives the Moon too, then all the Moneth before.

John Peck, Fellow of St Johns Colledge.

FINIS.

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